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THE COLONNAD



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to complete Volume XIII

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SEPTEMBER

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THE COLONNADE

Table of Contents for Editorial Section

PAGE

89	Title-page
90	Contents of Editorial Section
91	Editorial Note: "The Colonnade" Suspends and Resumes Publication..... <i>A. H. N.</i>
93	Elections to Membership, 1918-19
95	Elections of Officers for 1918-19 and 1919-20
96	The Brush Records..... <i>J. Gordon Guthrie</i> <i>Art Editor of "The Colonnade"</i>
98	Harold Victor Arnold (Portrait)
99	In Memoriam: Harold Victor Arnold
102	Clarence Wesley Ripperger (Portrait)
103	In Memoriam: Clarence Wesley Ripperger
104	An Atlas (Verse)..... <i>Morris Bishop</i> <i>First Lieutenant, Infantry, A.E.F.</i>

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THE COLONNADE

PUBLISHED BY
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VOL. XIII

SEPTEMBER, 1919

No. 5-6

EDITORIAL NOTE

THE present double number of THE COLONNADE, combining, with some new matter, the material designed for the issues of May and June, 1917, has awaited the coming of peace for its appearance. Fifty-seven members of the Andiron Club, the publishers of the magazine, have been in khaki or in navy blue; six more have been serving in the Red Cross, the Jewish welfare work, or the Y. M. C. A.; and the remaining members — doing double work at home — have deemed other calls upon their time and funds more pressing than their desire to see the closing issues of their magazine in print. Now, however, in the summer of 1919, the Andiron Club concludes its long unfinished thirteenth volume.

That our readers should regret our temporary suspension, is gratifying. One protest, in particular, we like to quote:

Gentlemen of your vision will not be tricked by the delusion that, because war is the main business, it should be the whole business of these times. Even in this day of refinements of service, it would be difficult to name one more splendid or more needed in this country, than that which THE COLONNADE is doing. Now, and for the next ten years, as never before, what we shall all need is more wisdom, broader vision, the education and refinement of mind and heart — in short, culture. Is there any reason why the prosecution of the war and the dissemination of culture should be thought mutually exclusive? Isn't there, rather, great reason for asserting that because the first, in the event, will entail such enormous demands upon our wisdom, all our resources for deepening and refining that wisdom should be kept free and active? . . . Meatless and wheatless days I have ac-

cepted without a murmur; and the country can well accept them too. But this threatened deprivation touches something other than my stomach, and I murmur.

Yes, now as never before, we shall have need of scholarship and culture; and, if we may specify the precise basis on which we should like to see *THE COLONNADE* revived, we would propose that art which is vitalized by scholarship and that scholarship which is vivified by art. On such a platform, indeed, now that the evil days be past, we are resolved that *THE COLONNADE* shall be reborn; not as a monthly—for we feel that, with this double number completing our thirteenth volume, the old *COLONNADE* has ceased to be—but as an occasional publication of two or three hundred pages, to be issued quarterly, semiannually, or annually, whenever the acceptable material on hand and the funds in the Club treasury shall warrant, and to be devoted, even more truly than has been our tiny monthly, to scholarship and belles-lettres, or, shall we rather say, to the belles-lettres of scholarship and to the scholarship of belles-lettres.

For contributions to such a publication, the Andiron Club can offer no honorarium beyond the customary reprints; but, if our former contributors and others yet unknown, especially in academic life, care chiefly to have their work well printed, in good company, for a circle of readers certain to appreciate, and to have their work preserved in binding in a large number of the more important libraries at home and abroad; then, as heretofore, let them mail their manuscripts to the Editor of *THE COLONNADE*, Box 84, University Heights, New York City.

For, with the autumn of 1919, the Andiron Club of New York City, will again be meeting on alternate Wednesday evenings around its customary open fire, prepared to welcome, as of old, the poetic playlet, the well-told short-story, the poem that is more than verse, and, above all, the scholarly critique of modern literature. God willing, the Club will issue its fourteenth volume—or, if you will, “New Series, Volume I”—about the first of January, 1920.

ELECTIONS TO MEMBERSHIP

THE CONSTITUTION of the Andiron Club provides that to be eligible for admission to the Club, the candidate must be a man who is personally acceptable, and who has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Club, his ability in literature, scholarship, music, or art. Under this provision, the Club has made, since the last issue of THE COLONNADE, the following elections to membership:

JANUARY 30, 1918.

Clifford Stetson Parker, Esq., M.A. (Harvard), sometime 1st lieutenant and Statistical Officer, A.E.F.

Malcolm Beckwith Ayres, Esq., B.A. (Hobart), sometime 2d lieutenant, A.E.F.

FEBRUARY 13, 1918.

Daniel H. Overton, Jr., Esq., B.A. (Lafayette), student in Union Theological Seminary.

MARCH 13, 1918.

Allyn Jay Marsh, Esq., B.A. (Princeton), sometime lieutenant junior grade, U.S.N.R.F.

MAY 22, 1918.

John Lyman Hitchings, Esq., (Yale), sometime flying-cadet, U.S.A.

OCTOBER 23, 1918.

Arthur Wilson Courtney, Esq., Ph.D. (New York University), instructor in English, N.Y.U.

John Musser, Esq., Ph.D. (Pennsylvania), instructor in History, N.Y.U.

Hugo C. M. Wendel, Esq., Ph.D. (Pennsylvania), instructor in History, N.Y.U.

MAY 7, 1919.

Frederick Barry, Esq., Ph.D. (Harvard), composer; assistant professor of Chemistry, N.Y.U.

Henry Brennecke, Esq., M.A. (Columbia), instructor in German, N.Y.U.

Grant W. Cunliffe, Esq., B.A. (N.Y.U.), sometime 2d lieutenant, U.S.R.

Thomas W. Edmondson, Esq., B.A. (Cambridge), Ph.D. (Clark), professor of Mathematics and acting dean of the Graduate Faculty, N.Y.U.

Henry Cook Hathaway, Esq., Captain, Infantry, U.S.A., professor of Military Science and Tactics, N.Y.U.

Thomas W. Hotchkiss, Esq., M.S. (Princeton), editor and historian.

LeRoy E. Kimball, Esq., M.A. (N.Y.U.), graduate student, N.Y.U.
 Ernest Scott Quimby, Esq., M.A. (N.Y.U.), teacher of English,
 Evander Childs High School, New York City.
 Arthur Schwartz, Esq., undergraduate, N.Y.U.; editor-in-chief elect of
The New Yorker.
 Homer A. Watt, Esq., Ph.D. (Wisconsin), assistant professor of
 English, N.Y.U.

The constitution of the Andiron Club further provides for the election of honorary members: that honorary membership shall be conferred only as an expression of the Club's highest consideration, and for cause specifically named in the vote of election; and that not more than one person shall be elected to honorary membership in any year. From the foundation of the Club in 1907 until the current year, but three honorary members have been thus elected: Deems Taylor, composer, now associate editor of *Collier's Weekly*; Bruce S. Biddle, M.A., the first Dictator of the Club; and Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph.D., LL.D., Chancellor of New York University. To this number, the Club has now added a fourth honorary member. THE COLONNADE has the honor to announce that, on May 7, 1919, in recognition of his many services to the Club and to its magazine, Professor Charles Gray Shaw, Ph.D., was elected to—and has accepted—honorary membership.

To readers of THE COLONNADE, Professor Shaw needs no extended introduction. A graduate of Cornell and of Drew Theological Seminary, a student at Berlin and, under Eucken, at Jena, and, since 1899, professor of Philosophy at New York University, he is the author of numerous significant works within his field, including *Christianity and Modern Culture*, 1906, *The Precinct of Religion*, 1908, *The Value and Dignity of Human Life*, 1911, *The Ego and its Place in the World*, 1913, and *The Ground and Goal of Human Life*, shortly to appear. His interest in esthetics and in modern Continental literature has made him long a valued friend of the Club and of THE COLONNADE. In the closer relation to Club and magazine resulting from his acceptance of honorary membership, he will give to both, we are confident, to an even greater degree, his inspiration and his counsel.

ELECTIONS OF OFFICERS

SINCE the previous appearance of THE COLONNADE, twice has the Andiron Club held its annual election. On March 13, 1918, the Club elected for the year beginning June 1, 1918, the following officers: Dictator (i.e., president and editor-in-chief), Professor Carey Charles Dale Briggs, M.A.; Secretary, Randolph Somerville, Esq., B.A.; Treasurer, H. Stanley Schwarz, Esq., M.A.; Business Manager, Professor Arthur H. Nason, Ph.D.; Board of Management, Royal J. Davis, Esq., A.B., Samuel D. Stein, Esq., M.A., LL.B., and the Business Manager, the Treasurer, and the Dictator, *ex officio*. On March 12, 1919, the same officers were re-elected for the year beginning June 1, 1919, with the exception that, in the office of Secretary, Mr. Somerville is succeeded by Clinton Mindil, Esq., M.A., and that the office of Beadle, which was vacant during 1918-19, is now filled by the choice of Hugo C. M. Wendel, Esq., Ph.D.

The appointment of associate editors of THE COLONNADE and the resulting composition of the Editorial Board for the new volume will be announced to former contributors and subscribers by circular early in the fall. It is expected not only that practically all of the former editors will serve again but also that the staff will be reinforced especially in music and in the fields of English, Romance Languages and Literatures, and Germanic Languages and Literatures, by the appointment of additional associate editors.

To make THE COLONNADE not merely one more publication among the technical journals of the Modern Language group, but, at the same time, by virtue of its literary standards, something more, is the ambition of the Andiron Club. To this end it solicits, for the coming volume, the cooperation of all who combine with allegiance to scholarship a devotion to belles-lettres.

THE BRUSH RECORDS¹

THREE portraits! The Landgrave is unfinished on account of the war; the Privy Councillor is finished but not remarkable; the Count is finished — but waiting.

Waiting! For what is the Count waiting? Look at him as Wilhelm Funk sees him, seated there, in the anteroom. What is he doing? — Waiting — merely waiting! He says so himself; but we do not believe him. There is something more. Look at the hands! — Hands always explain though the face refuses to tell. The hands of the Count are pretending to read — but the Count himself is waiting, ominously waiting. Alert, well-dressed, high-well-born, he sits there, in the anteroom, listening — and waiting.

Somewhere within hearing, a People is busily employed in the pursuit of happiness and great wealth. It does not know that the Count is waiting. It would not trouble itself if it did, because it has not looked into the anteroom, through the eyes of Funk. Of course, it has often seen the Count driving past. It has often noted the Count walking to church, drinking coffee, smoking a certain cigar! But it has never looked into the anteroom. It should look; but it does not.

For there the Count sits, listening and listening — and waiting. And the fuse he lighted is smouldering nearer and nearer. He listens! He waits! The trained eye of Funk sees it. The trained brush of Funk records it — though perhaps Funk himself is unaware of the secret his picture is revealing.

The Count hears the soft laughter of women praising their men that return laden from the pursuit of Great Wealth. The Count hears the clink of gold coin, the crackle of crisp bills. He knows that while men continue to pursue Great Wealth, while women continue to laugh over the glittering, heaped-up spoils of that pursuit, no one will care to trouble about the long, slow fuse; no one will care to look into the dark anteroom where he sits silently — where Bernstorff sits silently — waiting.

J. GORDON GUTHRIE

¹ Reprinted from *THE COLONNADE* of May, 1916.



HAROLD VICTOR ARNOLD

IN MEMORIAM: HAROLD VICTOR ARNOLD

HAROLD VICTOR ARNOLD of the Andiron Club was killed in action in the Argonne Forest, in the first week in October, 1918, a member of the "Lost Battalion" of the 308th Infantry.

A graduate of Jamaica High School, where he had been prominent in student activities, Arnold entered New York University in the fall of 1914; and, during the three years of his college career, with the quiet earnestness and energetic initiative that inspired whatever undertaking had enlisted his interest, he participated in the life of the university campus. He was a reliable, alert student, a successful intercollegiate debater, managing editor of *The Medley*, secretary and vice president of the Y. M. C. A., and secretary of the Student Organization. But, of all his interests, none was more keen than his enthusiasm for the theatre and for dramatic literature. He wrote the Sophomore Show in 1915; he performed with credit leading parts in the mediæval French farce *Master Patelin* and in Plautus's comedy *The Twins*, presented by the Dramatic Society; and he was elected president of that society for 1917-18. Entering the army in the fall of 1917, he was active, at Camp Upton and in France, in organizing various theatrical entertainments. For his own private enjoyment, he carried with him overseas a one-volume collection of modern plays, and expressed the hope that, upon his return, he might pursue the study of Ibsen.

But more revealing of the soul of the boy than these interests and accomplishments—for withal, to Arnold's friends, he seemed only a boy with steady earnest eyes and waving locks—was the spirit in which he answered the demand of the war, that supreme test of the character of every youth of this generation. With no hedging of duty or backward glance at safer forms of service, he went to France as an infantryman, without misgiving, willingly, even light-heartedly.

Indeed, with the daring optimism of youth, Arnold was curiously unsuspicious of the future; and his older friends, seeing him thus, kept silent and thought that perhaps it was

better so. Certainly, after his arrival in France, no dread of the future deadened his characteristic mental alertness. He studied French eagerly; he argued about the merits of modern drama with a student of a French university; he wrote to friends letters alive with interest in what was to him a wonderful experience; and he was having, as he himself confessed, "a fine time"—a simple, courageous phrase for a youth in training for battle.

Arnold volunteered for the dangerous tasks of a runner; for he wrote that he hated the work of killing. Twice he was gassed; on the first occasion, his body turned black and he was blinded for a week. Arnold was killed the day after his second departure from the hospital for the battlefield. His service was the unostentatious performance of a frankly acknowledged obligation. His death is one more item in the record of our university men.

B. SPRAGUE ALLEN

CAREY CHARLES DALE BRIGGS

Committee.



CLARENCE WESLEY RIPPERGER

IN MEMORIAM: CLARENCE WESLEY RIPPERGER

CLARENCE WESLEY RIPPERGER of the Andiron Club, second lieutenant and military aviator, A. E. F., died at Base Hospital 85, Angers, France, Jan. 22, '19.

Enlisting in the American Air Service in December, 1917, Ripperger received his preliminary training at Princeton; rose to his commission through the more difficult experience of the flying-fields at Camp Dick, Texas, and at Arcadia, Florida, where he became known as the "Altitude King;" sailed for France in September, 1918; and there, at the 3d Aviation Centre, received his final training as "scout" pilot. When the Armistice was declared, November 11th, he was on the point of being assigned to a squadron for active duty. While awaiting sailing orders for his return to America, he fell a victim to pneumonia. He was buried in the American cemetery at Angers, with full military honors.

Those who knew Ripperger at New York University, whence he was graduated B. S. in 1913, and J. D. in 1916, or after he had been admitted to the New York Bar and had become a practicing attorney with office at 17 Battery Place, Manhattan, remember the eager happy nature and the staunch, courageous character that were his. A heart happy in its tasks, whatever its mission, and the steady courage of a clean-limbed, vigorous manhood, seem to have accompanied him through all the months of patient training in the camps. Something of the wholesomeness of that personality, something of the health-glow of that eager mind, came to us in his every letter from France. In reading them, we could clearly call to mind the steady smile with which, years ago upon the campus, he would face each day and each situation; and we knew, while reading, that the same brave smile must have given its quick sympathy and cheer to many a comrade in later days and in darker situations. We shall miss the fellowship of that smile, itself the announcement of a winsome personality and a true character. Of such as he, Emerson wrote: "The brave soul gives what it hath, and all it hath." In this thought, we have enshrined his memory.

WALTER E. ATKINSON

HAROLD W. RUDOLPH

Committee.

AN ATLAS ²

WE turned the pages idly,
Her boy, and I, and she,
And wondered that the great world
Should yet so little be,
And wondered it should spread so far,
And we so little see.

We turned the pages laughingly,
She, and her boy, and I,
And fixing tiny, tiny spots,
Pronounced them all awry
And said, how strange if we should see
Those towns before we die!

"Now here is Pont-à-Mousson,"
So, laughing, did she say,
"A cluster by a bridge, no doubt,
Of thatch and plaster gray;
Yet one of us may stand there,
A many miles away!"

No more she turns the pages;
She laughs no more to-day;
For low lies Pont-à-Mousson,
And red is over gray;
And that is where her boy lies dead,
A many miles away.

MORRIS BISHOP

² Reprinted from THE COLONNADE of November, 1915. Its author was subsequently First Lieutenant, Infantry, A.E.F.

THE COLONNADE

Table of Contents for May

ROMANCE NUMBER

PAGE

105	Contents	
106	Editorial Board	
106	Tri-Colors.....	<i>Carey C. D. Briggs</i>
107	Professor Lowell.....	<i>Clifford S. Parker</i> <i>Sometime Instructor in French in Union College; and</i> <i>subsequently 1st Lieutenant, S.D.A.G.O., A.E.F.</i>
119	The Return (Verse).....	<i>Marion Francis Brown</i>
120	Saint Jeanne Rides Out (Verse)	<i>Margaret Widdemer</i>
121	Faith (Verse).....	<i>O. C. Auringer</i>
122	From the Front in France....	<i>Willard Alanson Swan</i> <i>1st Lieutenant, S.S.U. 581, Convois Automobiles, A.E.F.,</i> <i>with the French Army</i>
130	After Ypres (Verse).....	<i>Beatrice Mary Billing</i>
131	The Breton Mother's Song (Verse)	<i>Malcolm Beckwith Ayres</i> <i>Second Lieutenant, Infantry, A.E.F.</i>
132	Candles in the Wind.....	<i>Aldis Dunbar</i>
135	Maid of the West (Verse)	<i>Norreys Jephson O'Connor</i>
136	The Judge of the Divorce Court: Translated from the Spanish entremes of Cervantes	<i>Edith Fahnstock and Florence Donnell White</i> <i>Respectively Acting Head of the Department of Spanish</i> <i>and Assistant Professor of French, Vassar College</i>
143	From You (Verse).....	<i>Josephine Fishburn</i>
144	To Master François Villon (Verse)...	<i>J. L. Hitchings</i>

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ARTHUR HUNTINGTON NASON, PH.D.....	<i>Business Manager</i>

TRI-COLORS

NOW that for you the last dread battle's over,
And peace is said,
You're home again; they give me back my lover,
My blessed dead;
To tell the world thy valour (and to cover
A spot of red)
Across your breast they pinned your own tri-color —
And peace is said.

Now that for me the dread of death is over,
And peace is said,
Three blossoms rare I bring to you, my lover,
My blessed dead;
To breathe my pride and praise, dear, (and to cover
A spot of red)
Upon your breast I lay my own tri-color —
And peace is said:

A rose full red as was the blood
That thou hast shed so valiantly,
A lily pure as was the love
That craved a sight of home and me,
And violets blue to tell thy depth
Of purpose true and constancy:

Three blossoms fair upon thy breast I lay,
Three flowers rare above the deathless clay;
Tri-colors, love, to tell to thee for aye,
That peace is said.

CAREY C. D. BRIGGS

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No. 5

PROFESSOR LOWELL

I. HIS PREPARATION

WHEN James Russell Lowell entered Harvard College in 1834, Ticknor still occupied the chair to which Longfellow and Lowell in their turns succeeded, the "Smith Professor of the French and Spanish Languages and Literature and Professor of Belles-Lettres." Charles Follen was "Professor of the German Language and Literature"; and, in addition to these two professors, the modern language department included three instructors. At the end of the year, both Professor Follen, who holds a distinguished place as a pioneer instructor in German in America, and Professor Ticknor, who is even better known for his work in the romance languages, resigned. Professor Follen's place was filled by an instructor, while Henry Wadsworth Longfellow had already been appointed to the Smith Professorship. Longfellow was abroad, however, and did not begin to teach until the fall of 1836. At that period, according to the college catalogue, instruction in the modern languages was begun in the sophomore year. This means that Lowell, commencing these languages as a sophomore, came in contact neither with Professor Follen nor with Professor Ticknor, but only with the instructors. The names of Francis Sales, for French and Spanish, and of Pietro Bachi, for Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, are particularly mentioned in Scudder's biography of the poet. During Lowell's junior and senior years, Longfellow was, indeed, de-

livering lectures and superintending instruction as Smith Professor. But, unfortunately, we have no direct evidence of the influence of the older poet upon the younger in these years.

As an undergraduate, Lowell gives us but few glimpses of his work in modern languages. In October, 1835, he writes:

I study quite hard this term. I get on in German astonishingly; it comes quite easy to me now.

Better evidence of his interest in German is the fact that he published several translations of German poems in *Harvardiana*, the college magazine of which he was editor during his senior year. An amateurish interest in French is hinted at by his use, in his letters, of such phrases as *À propos* and *En passant*. That he also approached this language more seriously is shown by his having taken Boileau from the College Library. In the autumn following his graduation he writes in a letter:

I intend to go into a foreign store so that I may be able to go to Europe yet. I shall have to brush up my French so as to write foreign letters.

Dante early became one of Lowell's favorites. On one occasion he describes himself as sitting in his college room before an open fire, surrounded by books of poetry among which is Dante. In this same connection, he quotes two lines from the Italian poet Metastasio. Outside of the work required in his classes, Lowell read omnivorously in the college library. One of his early favorites was Cotton's *Montaigne*, a book that created in him an affection for the French essayist which deepened with the years and never left him. As a senior, he writes that he read with pleasure the chapter in Carlyle's *Miscellanies* on the German playwrights.

Meagre indeed these indications are. Lowell, it must be confessed, was strongly under the influence of the Latin

classics and of the English poets, during his undergraduate years; and, for foreign literatures, he displays scant interest. This was true in some measure all his life. Lowell as a poet read with avidity English poetry, and as a critic he concerned himself chiefly with the English poets and dramatists. He became, it is true, an ardent admirer of Dante and a specialist in Old French; but, for European literature in general, his interest all his life, as in his undergraduate days, was distinctly secondary. Even this interest, however, broadened and enriched his thought, and is, consequently, well worthy of our attention.

After graduation, Lowell cast about for an occupation. He now inclined toward the law and now renounced it. For a long time (from 1838 to 1851), he was busy writing and reading. In letters or journal, he mentions *Gil Blas*, Dante, Richter, Eckermann, and Goethe. As an indication of the impression which this reading made upon him, a passage regarding the last-named poet may be quoted:

I have just finished reading Goethe's correspondence with a child, Bettina Brentano. . . . It is *beautiful*. It is wonderful when we think that Bettina was a child. It is like sunshine on grass newly rained upon — like the smell of a flower — like the song of a bird. We are given to look into the very core of the most loving heart that ever came directly from God and *forgot not whence it came*. . . . But it was mournful to think that all this love should have been given to the cold, hard Goethe.

The passage shows that at this time Lowell was reading more than the acknowledged masterpieces of German literature and that he read with sympathy and with appreciation. He came to have, by the way, a warmer regard for Goethe than is suggested here.

Lowell married Maria White, who like him wrote poetry. During their first year of married life, she published various translations from the German, especially from Uhland. Lowell may be supposed to have shared his wife's interest in this work.

From the time of his graduation, Lowell had looked

with longing eyes toward Europe. He had first, as we have seen, considered joining some firm that did a foreign business. In 1846, he received a legacy of sufficient amount to enable him and his wife to plan a year abroad. For this trip, he took steps to improve his colloquial knowledge of French. A passage in a letter to his friend, the publisher Briggs, gives an amusing glimpse of his progress:

As an evidence of my proficiency, let me set down here an impromptu translation of that Chevy Chase of the nursery, "Three children sliding on the ice." As it is my first attempt at the "higher walks" of French poetry, you must read it with due allowance.

"Trois enfants glissants sur la glace,
Tous en un jour d'été,
Tous tombèrent, as it came to pass,
Les autres s'enfuyaient."

In 1851, Lowell and his family left America to spend fifteen months in Europe. They sailed to the Mediterranean, landed at Naples, and went at once to Florence, where they remained two months. Then they went to Rome, remaining in this city from November to the following April. A brief portion of a letter will show how Lowell passed his time:

What do I *do*? I walk out upon the Campagna; I go to churches and galleries inadvertently (for I will not convert Italy into a monster exhibition); and I walk upon the Pincio. Here one may see all the Fashion and the Title of Rome.

The Lowells entered society to some extent, the poet himself taking part in some private theatricals. They attended concerts and musicales. They were interested, of course, in the ruins and monuments. The poet's letters from Italy are wholly taken up with descriptions of the cities and of the beautiful countryside, with accounts of Christmas celebrations and of carnivals, and with enthusiastic comments on Italian architecture, painting, and sculpture. In Italian art he becomes so well versed that he can say: "Of all the more prominent painters, I can now distinguish the style

and motive almost at a glance." In the essay entitled *Leaves from my Journal in Italy and Elsewhere*, published in 1854, some time after his return to America, the same things are emphasized. Italian politics and art, and the life of the people in Florence, Rome, and Naples, made an impression upon him.

But what Lowell did and saw is less significant than what he failed to do and see. For the literature of the country — this is the astonishing fact — he seems to have had no time. In the *Leaves from my Journal*, Dante's name may occur half a dozen times; Petrarch is mentioned once. No educated man can be totally indifferent to the literature of a country he is visiting; and Lowell was not. But, from Lowell, more was to be expected. He was a man of letters, already a poet of established reputation and a critic of promise. And yet, from all indications, we must conclude that he in no way exhibited, at this time, the temperament or the interests of a scholar. He sympathized with the life of the people; he admired and studied Italian art; but, to the opportunities for scholarly work in literature, he preferred to be blind.

Leaving Rome, the Lowells went to Naples, and then spent the summer in leisurely travel through Switzerland, with brief visits to Germany and France which made but a superficial impression upon the poet. In the fall of 1852, the Lowells returned to America.

The next few years were occupied with the production of much poetry and prose, from both of which he gained such fame that in 1854 he was asked to deliver a course of lectures on English poetry before the Lowell Institute in Boston. The lectures were given early in 1855, with great success. By them, Lowell's place as a critic and as a man of letters was assured. To him, moreover, was drawn the attention of the authorities of Harvard College. It so happened that Longfellow, who had been Professor of Modern Languages since 1836, had seen fit to resign in 1854; and, for this vacant position, James Russell Lowell,

poet, critic, essayist, and lecturer, was deemed to be the right man. But let us look at the appointment from Lowell's own point of view:

I write now because I have something pleasant to tell, and did not wish you to hear it first from any one but me — though you always seem to live at one end of an ear of Dionysius that brings you all the news of itself. The news is this: The Corporation of the college have asked me to take Longfellow's place, and my nomination will go to the Overseers next Thursday.

The thing has come about in the pleasantest way, and the place has sought me, not I, it. There were seven applicants for the place, but I was not one of them. On the contrary, I had refused to be a candidate when it was proposed to me.

I have accepted the offer, and am to go abroad for a year to prepare myself. *That* is the hardest part, but I did not feel competent without it.

And the duties are pleasant. I am not to have anything to do with teaching, as Longfellow had, but only to deliver two courses of lectures in the year — on pretty much any subject I choose, and my salary is to be \$1200.00.

As in the case of his immediate predecessor, Longfellow, the Harvard authorities had deemed it expedient for Mr. Lowell to spend a year abroad before commencing his teaching. His interest up to this time had been almost wholly in the romance languages, though even here, as I have tried to bring out, his scholarship was far from profound. His purpose on this second journey was primarily to make himself proficient in German. Having sailed from America in June, 1855, he spent three weeks in Paris, where, as previously in Italy, he spent much of his time in the art galleries. After a brief visit to England, he went to Dresden for the winter. Why a prospective professor should have chosen Dresden in preference to one of the noted university seats is not at all clear.

A letter written after Lowell was well settled in Dresden gives a good idea of his life there:

I get up um sieben Uhr, and das Mädchen brings me my coffee and Butterbrod at 8. Then I begin to study. I am reading for my

own amusement (du lieber Gott!) the *aesthetische Forschungen* von Adolf Zeising, pp. 568, large octavo! Then I overset something aus German into English. Then comes dinner at 1 o'clock, with ungeheuer German dishes. Nachmittag I study Spanish with a nice young Spaniard who is in the house, to whom I teach English in return. Um sechs Uhr ich gehe spazieren, and at 7 come home, and Dr. R. dictates and I write. Aber potztausend Donnerwetter! what a language it is to be sure! with nominatives sending out as many roots as that witch-grass which is the pest of all child-gardens, and sentences in which one sets sail like an admiral with sealed orders, not knowing where the devil he is going to till he is in mid-ocean! Then, after tea, we sit and talk German—or what some of us take to be such—and which I speak already like a native—of some other country. But Madame R. is very kind and takes great pains to set me right. The confounded genders! If I die, I will have engraved on my tombstone that I died of *der, die, das*, not because I caught 'em, but because I couldn't. Dr. R. is one of the most distinguished Naturwissenschaftsgelehrten (!) in Europe—a charming, friendly, simple-hearted man. I attend his Vorlesungen and etwas verstehe.

From this letter we see that Lowell led a quiet life, studied German and Spanish diligently, and attended lectures now and then on anatomy, of which he says elsewhere that he began with horror and ended with interest. A longing to see Italy again continually beset him, but he resisted the temptation during the long, dull winter. A letter written three months later than the one just quoted, reveals both his attitude toward his studies and his success in his endeavors:

I fear I shall not get to Italy. I cannot tell till March—it will depend on my progress in German. I am an officer, you know, sent out on a particular service, and not to amuse myself. I have made some headway—can read German almost as easily as French. That is already something. Meanwhile, my studies do me good. My brain is clear, and my outlook over life seems to broaden.

Other passages from various letters of this winter are worth quoting for the light they throw upon Lowell's studies, his progress, and his state of mind:

The study of German widens so before me—the history of the literature is so interesting and, by its harmonies and discords with

our own, sets so many things in a white light for me, that I see infinite work and satisfaction ahead. I wish to *do* this branch of my tree of knowledge thoroughly — even to picking the *gnarly* fruit — before I climb out and risk my brains on another. But I have such an unutterable longing for Italy, such a heavy ground-swell sets in upon my heart when I think of it — and any trifle is enough to whirl all my thoughts in that direction — that I now have a plan of running down and back in March.

It is to be noted that, as Lowell familiarized himself with the German language and entered the realm of literature, he found in his studies more joy and inspiration.

You must remember that I have been living in the most profound solitude all winter, without a human creature to talk to, having in literal fact seen nobody but Doctor and Madame R., and talking to them always in German or French. They tell me nobody ever learnt German so fast — which is no wonder, for I have done nothing else.

In German, I have every reason to be satisfied with my progress — though I should have learned more of the colloquial language if I had had spirits enough to go into any society. But I have literally seen nobody but the inmates of our own household and my books. But already the foreboding of Italy fills me with new life and soul.

My great solace (or distraction) has been the Theatre, which is here excellent. I not only have got a lesson in German, but have learned much of the technology of the stage. For historical accuracy in costume and scenery I have never seen anything comparable.

The long-desired trip to Italy came in March and lengthened itself out to include nearly all the principal Italian cities and even Sicily. The return journey allowed Lowell to enjoy for a day the picturesque architecture of Nuremberg. June found him again in Dresden. By the middle of July he had left Germany and was again frequenting the art galleries of Paris; and in August he returned to America, ready to enter upon his Harvard professorship.

What shall be said of his preparation? In French, he appears to have had a fair knowledge of the language and a general acquaintance with the literature. In Italian, he had a great liking for Dante and a first-hand, sympathetic

knowledge of the country and the people. In German, he had as thorough knowledge of the language as a winter of assiduous study can give; it seems that he had not as yet given German literature scholarly attention. Spanish lessons had commanded a part of his time in Dresden; and in English literature he was, of course, very well read. For literature in general, he had the affection and understanding of a poet and critic. Joined to all this was an easy and happy faculty of expression. In short, he did not yet belong to the company of true scholars; but he was in the front rank of American men of letters.

II. HIS PROFESSORSHIP

Lowell began his work in the fall of 1856, by repeating the course of lectures on the English poets which he had delivered before the Lowell Institute. From these, he went on to lecture on German literature and on Dante. The editor of his letters, Charles Eliot Norton, remarks that "His lectures during the twenty years which he held the professorship had a wide range through the fields of Modern Literature." In 1866, Lowell writes of having his classes "mistranslate Italian and mispronounce Spanish." A portion of a letter written in 1869 gives a wider view of his work:

Cutler [an Assistant Professor of Modern Languages] is ill, and I am shepherding his flocks for him meanwhile — now leading them among the sham-classic pastures of Corneille, where a colonnade supplies the dearth of herbage; now along the sunny broad-viewed uplands of Goethe's prose. It is eleven o'clock, and I am just back from my class. At four, I go down again for two hours of German, and at half-past seven I begin on two hours of Dante. Meanwhile I am getting ready for a course of twenty University lectures.

This was written in September. In December he remarks:

I wrote out four lectures on the origin of the romance lingo and romantic poetry, and then took up Ferabras and Roland, and am now

on the Trouvères. Twenty lectures scared me, and now my next is the sixteenth and I am not half through!

In 1870, he informs us that he read "to about a score of young women twice a week during the term" a course of thirty-six lectures, which, from the context, I judge to have dealt with the "old French metrical romances and the like." His program of studies for 1872 is found in this passage:

Everything goes on here as usual. Three times a week I have my classes, one in Nannucci, *Letteratura del Primo Secolo*, the other in Bartsch, *Chrestomathie de l'Ancien Français*. On Wednesdays, I have, besides, a University class, with whom I read the *Chanson de Roland*, and am now reading the *Roman de la Rose*. On my off-days, the first thing in the morning, I go over my work for the next day, and then renew my reading of Old French.

In 1875, after a vacation of two years of which I shall speak presently, he writes of the "College, where, by the way, I am installed again with a class in Old French and another in Dante." Lowell published in 1870 and 1876 the first and second series respectively of his essays, *Among My Books*. Of some of these he says that "they were patched together from my lectures." Of the essays in these volumes, those that were evidently drawn from his college lectures are *Lessing*, and *Rousseau and the Sentimentalists*, and *Dante*.

Lowell's interest in Old French was further advanced by a third visit abroad, which Lowell made in 1872, after he had been teaching at Harvard continuously for sixteen years. Before he left America, he resigned his professorship outright, for he wanted to carry no responsibilities to Europe with him. After a few weeks of travel in Ireland and England, he and Mrs. Lowell settled in Paris, where they remained for nearly ten months. Again we can read of his life here in his own words:

My life runs on in the same canal. A walk before breakfast round the parallelogram formed by the Pont de Solferino at one end and the Pont des Arts at the other; then a walk after breakfast with

John up to the Pont Neuf and across to the courtyard of the Tuileries where we sit and colloque over our cigars, feeding the sparrows between whiles; then home, and John to Schiller's *Thirty Years' War* and I to my Old French.

When Lowell was in Paris before, we remember, he gave most of his time to the art galleries. Now it is the bookstalls that fascinate him. His letters give us many names of books that he purchased. We see something of his aim in the following passage:

I keep on picking up books here and there, but I shall be forced to stop, for I find I have got beyond my income. Still, I shall try gradually to make my Old French and Provençal collection tolerably complete, for the temptation is great where the field is definitely bounded.

Besides the collection of a library and the study of Old French, Lowell's purpose during this stay in Paris was to familiarize himself with the spoken language. Various phrases scattered here and there in his letters indicate that he made satisfactory progress during the winter.

When summer came, he left Paris with Mrs. Lowell for his beloved Italy, in whose cities he recalled the pleasant memories of his former trips. They travelled very leisurely, spending for instance two months in Geneva, one in Venice, and three in Florence, and thus passed the fall and winter in Italy. The month of May found them again in Paris, where only a few weeks were spent before they returned to America.

There had been some doubt in Lowell's mind as to the advisability of his resuming his position at Harvard, which he had dropped absolutely when he went to Europe but which was now offered to him again. To remain free was tempting; but both the work and the salary were attractive. He ended by accepting the offer and began once more his courses on Dante and in Old French, which, during the next three years, were not merely his specialties but the only subjects in which he gave instruction. Among the

students, his course on Dante seems to have been the more popular.

In 1877, Lowell received from President Hayes the appointment of United States Minister to Spain. After some deliberation, he accepted the appointment, and so severed his connection with Harvard University. Harvard showed herself appreciative of the work that he had done, by making him Smith Professor Emeritus. So, although his active connection with Harvard came to an end with his departure for Spain, he remained one of the ornaments of the University until his death in 1891.

The nature of Lowell's preparation for his teaching and the enthusiasm with which he did his work, the extracts already quoted show. Further light on his scholarly interests is thrown by two extracts from his letters which bring out the thoroughness with which he pursued his studies:

(1859) I am studying Spanish, as I did German in Dresden, reading it all my leisure time, and before long mean to make myself thorough in it. At forty, a man learns fast.

(1870) I shall bore you with Old French in which I am still plunged to the ears. I am become a pretty thorough master of it, and wish I knew the modern lingo half as well.

Lowell's experience was undoubtedly that of many a teacher who finds that the class-room reveals all the weak points in his knowledge of his subject, and necessitates continuous study to avoid the embarrassment of being found wanting by his students. For this reason, Lowell, who was by no means a scholar when he began his work at Harvard, gradually acquired a command of his field, until, during the latter years of his professorship, he was indeed a scholar in the highest sense of the term. I do not mean to say that his classes were alone responsible for this development. It was brought about in large measure by the deep attachment which Lowell always felt for language and literature, and by the zeal with which he pursued his special branches, Old

French and Dante. But I believe that his class-work acted as a powerful motive in impelling him to acquire a thorough mastery of the subjects he taught, and that, in this way, it contributed to that wealth of literary resource which marks Lowell the critic. It may very well be, as the poet himself often complained, that the work at Harvard interfered with his poetic productivity; but it stimulated his literary interests, and thus increased his power as a man of letters.

CLIFFORD S. PARKER

(To be concluded)

THE RETURN

AS I rode into Ballyclair,
Lo, all the spring was flinging
A robe of jonquiled tapestry
Where fallow meadows lay;
And down the little homeland road,
The tanagers were winging,
Flashing scarlet meteors
Beneath an April day.

Hawthorn whiter than the snow,
And honeysuckled garden!
Swift! it seemed a voice called
Above the kettle's croon:
"Macushla! Macushla!"
Till, sweeter than God's pardon,
It purged the homing heart of me,
And set the world in tune.

MARION FRANCIS BROWN

SAINT JEANNE RIDES OUT

SAINT JEANNE she sat with Michael,
With Marguerite and Raphael,
And all the saints who sent her forth a many years
ago;
And, round about her gold-ringed head,
The martyrs clad in white and red
And seraphim all silver-winged, they chanted row on row.

Saint Jeanne she spoke to Michael,
To Marguerite and Raphael,
"Oh, here's no place for one like me, all white and gold
and warm;
For I was but a peasant maid,
Strong of arm and unafraid,
Before you sent me garnering along the battle-storm!"

Saint Jeanne she's laid her garlands by,
Her crown and palm that glittered high,
And all the golden trinketry she won at Heaven-gate;
She's out along by Mary's Street
Where little stars lie thick and sweet,
With helm and sword they took from her at Rouen Town
of late.

Saint Peter swore, "The gate stands wide,
For armies late have stormed inside —
I'll drop my golden keys to-night, and snatch a sword
again!"
And stalwart saints and martyrs all
And sworded angels silver-tall
In strong and shining companies they've followed in her
train:

And down the fields of Paradise
The churchmen all, so great and wise,
Who won to Heaven so hardly once, they've knelt to her
at last:

All they who laughed at Rouen-Town
To see the flames beat up and down,
They've flung their jeweled harps away, and followed glad
and fast.

Oh, did you hear the shouting then?
Along the fields of weary men,
There's lifted heart and strengthened arm and laughing
glad accord!

Oh, who may doubt what end may be?
With all her wide-winged chivalry,
Saint Jeanne rides down the fields to-night to battle for
the Lord!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

FAITH

I HAD a vision of a marble throne,
And him who sat thereon, in dignity
Beyond all kings and potentates that be
Above earth's multitudes that writhe and groan.
Around were wastes by war-blasts overblown,
And all Time's ancient shapes of misery,
Heartbreak, and wrongs that burn incurably,
And none to help, save that calm King alone.
Then, from the throne, a voice came: "I am Faith:
All these things I behold, and yet remain;
Hence am I made the Keeper of Life's gate.
Wert thou a man whose trust is but a wraith
Confronting this profound abode of pain,
Even with that little, thou wert then how great!"

O. C. AURINGER

FROM THE FRONT IN FRANCE

THROUGH the courtesy of his mother, THE COLONNADE is permitted to print the following extracts from letters from one of the younger members of the Andiron Club, who, in his junior year at college, went overseas as top sergeant of an ambulance section, became first lieutenant commanding another section operating with the French, and eventually won the Croix de Guerre with silver star. We print these extracts as an example of the epic — or shall we say, of the true fairy-story — of American youth in France.

November 1, 1917.

The reason that I do not write more news and more "impressions" is because Uncle Sam thinks that, from a military point of view, these things are better kept until after the war. And, in the largest degree, he is right: it is much better that we gabby ones should be kept quiet than that some catastrophe should occur from a hardly noticeable indiscretion. I suppose, however, that, if I am careful and do not give away any military information, he will let me tell a few things. But the big, interesting things must be kept for effeminate peace (There's no doubt about it: man was made to fight; and, from observation, I can say that it is the thing he does most thoroughly) when we can gather round a pounding radiator in a New York apartment, and talk shop.

You ask me about the people. That is like asking your young grandson to describe God. If there is another people like those with whom we are cooperating in this maelstrom, I never expect to see them until I die, for they can't exist on this earth. When I speak of the people, I mean collectively, not as individuals. Individually they are heroes, big-hearted, kind, and patient men, without the least knowledge of fear or cowardice. Collectively they — well, they run around the Front seemingly doing nothing that will lead to concerted action, but, all the time, they are defeating the greatest organization in the world. I can see now how they held back that tremendous machine at the

Marne: they had the spirit, the courage, and the individuality to risk all for the ideals which have made France great in the past four years. I can't say anything about the people more than that they are courage personified. Individually, they are dashing heroes; collectively, they are courageous. I hope that you get the difference between the words — at least, my difference. "Heroism" carries with it, to my mind, spontaneous dash; "courage" is the patient bearing of tremendous burdens.

After my exciting trip across the pond ("quite some" pond, too), I spent considerable time at the coast of France, assembling Ford ambulances by the millions, and driving up and down, here and there, and round about the towns that neighbored our camp. For some weeks, I had the pleasure of visiting the most picturesque and, at the same time, peculiar part of France. We worked hard at ———, getting ready for our work to come.

Then, best of all, we drove in ambulances from the coast of France to the greatest city in the world, passing through the oldest cities and towns, the most beautiful country (chateaus and castles galore), visiting the oldest cathedrals, welcomed by the most wonderful people in all France. As a climax, we parked our flivvers in front of Versailles, and visited the grounds and buildings of this wonderful palace where even the dog-house is bigger and more splendid than the Metropolitan Museum and the Capitol at Washington combined.

We spent one wild night in Paris, and then drove to the front, where we have been ever since. The work is wonderful, and impossible — besides being forbidden — to describe. The lights, the noise, the crowded roads, the constant thunder when we are sending over our morning and nightly "hate," the star-shells, the "75's," the "105's," pounding the life out of the Huns, the constant stream of creeping ammunition wagons, the flying officers' cars, the careful ambulance drivers, the rattle of the rapid-fire guns, and the roar of the "arrives" (shells arriving from the Boche), the demolished houses and factories, the complete

(sometimes palatial) trench works, and a million and one other things great and small, which look insignificant but which are necessary, and, greatest of all, the silent files of men going to and from the first line: *that* is the Front; *that* is war.

To get a complete picture of the whole, you will have to wait until I can describe each small part, each incident, and every moment of our life here. You can't know how glad I am that I am here — that's all. I am, as you must know, happy, well-fed, well-housed, comfortable, and busy. Danger is the last thing to think of; for the nearer we get to it, the farther away it seems to go. I feel safer here than I ever did in the Broadway subway, and I don't get the headaches that I used to there.

December 15, 1917.

Having a motorcycle all my own, and various duties to perform thereon, I get the opportunity of visiting a larger portion of the front than most men do. Can you imagine me astride a motorcycle which, in its weakest moments, can make sixty miles per hour, shooting out to the posts in the trenches, back to the station, around the remains of nearby towns, on moonless nights, without my lights? I have very few accidents, too, though through traffic and over roads such as man never dreamed of before — roads torn to hell by constant shell-fire and by lumbering trains of automobiles and ammunition-wagons. It is the most tremendous, stupendous, and awful sight in the world, this war.

As the boys do most of their work at night when the roads, which are perfectly visible to the Germans, are dark, so I do most of my visiting of the posts at night. I eat dinner (very good, considering) at five-thirty, and come back to my bomb-proof for my orders. Then, when it is pitch dark, I get out my motorcycle, mount it, shake hands with all the Americans present and kiss all the Frenchmen (if you go out to get a drink, you have to go through this same formality), and start out for the first post, sans lights

and horn, with only my husky voice crying "A droit!" to keep me from running down a regiment of tired poilus or trying to knock over a string of six-hundred-fifty-ton trucks. I have on my back a despatch-case full of letters and orders, my gas-mask, and my clothing, and, on my head, my knit helmet (for it is cold) and my steel helmet (for it is dangerous). I go about a mile with a little aid from the star-shells; and then, though the guard knows my middle name, he stops me in the road and looks at my papers. We smoke a cigarette (he always says, "Cigarette américaine très bonne; cigarette française mauvaise") he requests that I have a drink of white or red wine from his canteen (and he has a comic opera mustache and insists on drinking first so that I won't get any floating particles); we shake hands, comment on the condition of shell-fire, shell-holes, and the possibility of an air raid; and I go on. This process is repeated every two miles for about eight miles of visit.

But, in half an hour, I am at the first post, in the third-line trenches. Now the star-shells light up the whole scene grotesquely, and I have to keep my eyes and ears ready for the shells and my nose ready for gas. I slide my motorcycle up into the bank, and walk down the communicating trenches and into the post, a dugout, twenty to thirty feet under the ground and fixed up into a regular little home, filled with smoke, bad air, and the smell of cooking. Here is another comic opera scene, of French poilus playing "21" with American boys, and all practicing the others' tongue. I see if things are going all right, give a few orders, and leave for the post in the second-line trenches, on foot.

In all, I visit six posts, and finally make my way home at about eleven-thirty — another wonderful night. I make a few notes for my morning reports, and go to bed — to sleep or to be awakened by Boche aviators and their bombs, next to gas, the worst thing in the war. I can stand shrapnel and high explosive shells and rapid fire; but I'll be hanged if I can sleep while aviators are dropping bombs in my front yard.

Well, I get up at seven or seven-thirty, have a break-

fast of raw coffee and dry bread (*à la française*), and send the relief cars to the day posts. Then I make out my reports, and, the rest of the day, ride around on various errands, making my reports, buying food and supplies back at the French quartermaster's, and, best of all, watching battles in the sky and French guns trying to bring down the German observation planes.

It is a marvelous life. I live, eat, sleep and work, with officers and gentlemen, and have a fine crowd of men under me. It is a great branch of the service, and full of excitement. So far I have (1) worn a gas-mask through a whiff of gas; (2) had the "éclat" of a high explosive bowl me over; (3) had shrapnel burst fifty feet away from me; (4) had an automobile blown to hell by an aviator's bomb while I was only twenty yards away (in a dugout): and I haven't even bit my lip or scratched my finger. It's surprising how many misses there are.

Now, best of all, our section *may* be cited and decorated for the work which, in the past two weeks, has kept me from writing.

JANUARY 25, 1918.

A couple of days ago, I returned from my ten days' leave in Paris, and found about twenty-five letters from you and an assortment of about fifty others from old friends, new friends, and near-friends. Believe me, I had some feast on them the first two days of my return; it took two days to read them all.

Of course, you want to hear about my leave in Paris. I was there for ten days, and beyond doubt those were the fullest days of my life. I stayed at the Y. M. C. A. Hotel, a beautiful building with all the conveniences of a first class hotel, which it used to be. I had a room with a bath, and such a bed as I have never slept on before, telephone service, and breakfast in bed. Do you know that that was the first time that I had slept in a bed in eight months? The first night I could not sleep because I was not used to the warmth and comfort; but, before the week was over, I made up for

lost time. The hotel has reading-rooms, lounging-rooms, and music-rooms, besides a little canteen where you can get American papers and smokes. Believe me, the Y. M. C. A. is doing more good for the soldiers in France than any other organization I know of.

I got up every morning at nine o'clock, after having had my breakfast in bed, and started out by taxi for some historical place or some beautiful place, and you don't have to go very far for either. After I reached the place I was headed for, and had visited it, I would start out to walk and walk and walk and walk, so that now I know Paris better than I know New York. I never went with anyone; for I wanted to do just as I d—d pleased for ten days. I spent one whole day and another afternoon at the grounds and palace at Versailles, and the rest of the time at the Louvre, Luxembourg, Notre Dame, Les Invalides, Madeleine, Sacré Coeur, St. Sulpice, Bois de Boulogne, Bastille, and a million other places. To write them all down would take about ten sheets of paper. I spent all of my time snooping around, and some of the out-of-the-way places of Paris are wonderful snooping grounds.

Then, at noon, I would grab another taxi, and hit it for one of the biggest restaurants in Paris, where I would start in with soup and end up with Bénédictine. The afternoon was just a repetition of the morning, in so far as it was a sight-seeing tour; but every moment there was different, for Paris was just one big dream, and for ten days I was the principal dreamer. My nights were nearly as wonderful as the days. I went to the opera four times, and heard Rigoletto, Thaïs, Faust, and Hamlet; to the Opéra Comique, and heard Louisa and Beatrice; to the Follies; and saw Gaby Deslys at the Casino de Paris. I saw Mistinguet at the Femina, and heard a fine musical programme at the Alhambra. I never was so chuck full of art, music, sights, and wonderful food and wines before in my life; and I am now ready and willing to settle down for another four months of active duty.

At present we are *en repos*; that is, we have dropped

back a ways from the front and are resting up a few days before going up again. I really think that I would rather be at the front than here, for it is much more interesting and more exciting. We are in a beautiful little town of about two hundred population, with a quaint old church in it that was built in 1286. Every town we pass through—and we go through a great many of them in our work and in changing our fronts—has its old chateau, its church or cathedral, and many of them are surrounded by a wall. The Americans who come to France and visit only the big towns, don't even begin to see France. One has to live in the little villages, in the little inns, and see the quaint ways people do things here. They are all such wonderful people, so kind and hospitable and glad to see one. You just go in and sit down and drink wine and talk, talk. I don't believe anyone did a stitch of work before the war, except to plant a garden and to bottle and drink wonderful wines. France is the ideal country; and French life is the ideal life if there ever was one.

I think that you people learn more about the general progress of the war than we do. I know that I go for weeks at a time without ever reading a paper, and not much caring what is going on. Russia can fall out and Italy meet with reverses, but it seems never to change here; just a steady plodding on, with a certainty of victory in the end, when the Boche will be driven out, and the English and the Canadians and the Australians and the Americans will go back home where they belong and leave France to her own people. I know, as much as they welcome us and glad as they are to see us in France, that the French people will be as much relieved at our departure as they will at the departure of the Boche. It's human nature, too; no one wants a lot of strangers, who speak a strange language and who have strange habits and desires and ideas, littering up one's home and spreading expensive and foreign customs.

AUGUST 4, 1918.

Today I put on my second gold service stripe. I am as

proud of them as I am of my new silver bars and Sam Browne belt. But perhaps you don't know that on the 14th of July, which in the future will always be my Independence Day, I was promoted to First Lieutenant—just about one year after I had enlisted as a private. I won't bore you by telling you how proud I am that I received my promotion in the field.

I was ordered to Paris one bright day—perhaps it was raining, but I failed to notice it—and, about two minutes after I arrived at Headquarters, I was turned out an officer, with a beautiful little order assigning me as Commanding Officer of a section at the front, and allowing me five days in which to get a complete outfit and get to my post. Strange to say (and I don't know how I did it myself) I found my organization and took over the command.

For about two weeks now I have been in command, and am getting along wonderfully well, owing to the fact that I speak French and have made a study of line evacuation. You know that I am also a graduate of the French Officers' Automobile School, and that means that one has to carry the organization of the whole French army in one's mind. Both of these are requisites for a commission in this service; for we operate only with the French army and seldom see Americans.

I am writing this in a wine cellar about sixty feet under what is at present the most disputed sector in France. We are having hot work now, and are constantly on the go, night and day. I have lost a great deal of weight, but am feeling fine and am very happy in my work.

Trouble has started—damned Huns!—so I must close this short, and and get out on the job. Will try to do better next time, if *they* only let me.

JANUARY 26, 1919.

I can justly commence all my letters as all my boys do all of theirs, "It's been a long time," etc., etc. And it has been a long time—too long, in fact, since I last wrote you. But no news is good news. That's really the case; for, since

I last wrote, I have been decorated—or embarrassed—with the Croix de Guerre with silver star (which means a divisional citation to the order of the Croix de Guerre). I never thought (who could have!) the evening that I came trembling before the Andiron Club, that in two years I should be a hardened soldier with three service stripes and a foreign decoration. But such is life; and now I am ready to come home and bathe in the cool and quiet of academic contemplation—and a good hot tub!

Since the thirteenth of November, I have been in Alsace, and have seen everything that happened at Strasburg. Entered with General Gouraud, and can justly claim to be the first American to have entered Alsace. Have stood behind Foch, Pétain, Gouraud, Nivelles, Maistre Poincaré, and “Le Tigre,” while they reviewed our troops. Have cried—and feel sure I can make others—with stories of the beauty of our entree. To-morrow Pétain reviews our division and decorates a few. Nothing but one big day after another; and, best of all, I expect to be home before May.

This is a racy, nonsensical letter; but it's written just to let you know that I'm well, happy, and on my way home.

WILLARD ALANSON SWAN

AFTER YPRES

THE little house below the old, brown mill,
The two tall firs beside the swinging gate
By sunset touched, are waiting for me still—
Yet I am late.

BEATRICE MARY BILLING

A BRETON MOTHER'S SONG

SLEEP, little one, sleep!
The shepherd watches on yonder hill;
A moonbeam creeps there, white and still;
Far down the silvery way along,
I hear the Korrigan's tinkling song. —
Sleep, little one, sleep!

Sleep, pretty one, sleep!
A white dove croons in the belfry old;
A bat hangs under the crumbling mold;
The curlew calls from the rocky steep;
The tender shepherd is guarding his sheep. —
Sleep, pretty one, sleep!

Sleep, blessed one, sleep!
A boat sailed over the harbor bar,
Out in the west, to a port afar:
In wondrous gardens beyond the sun,
Thy sailor wanders; and day is done.
Sleep, blessed one, sleep!

Sleep, dearest one, sleep!
Night has darkened the moorland dim.
When pitying eyes on the Calvary grim
Watch ever the restless, rolling deep,
A tender Shepherd is guarding His sheep.
Sleep, dearest one, sleep!

MALCOLM B. AYRES

CANDLES IN THE WIND

SCENE: *A small flaring light has been set in the deep window-recess. Outside is night—awake, restless, full of storm-voices. One listening hears the rising gale, high among leafless poplars on the hillside, then sweeping downward, wailing and searching madly about the rude stone walls of the hut. Finding a crevice in the rough-hewn door, it flings through, across the earthen floor, a drifted line of white.*

PIERRETTE curls herself closer to the scant armful of logs that are burning on the great hearth, and draws more tightly around her a little cloak of purple velvet, very shabby and worn, but silken-rich in the fire-glow. Her face is small and quaint, with wide eyes dark as brown pansies. She glances over her shoulder toward the door,—then looks hurriedly again.

PIERRETTE: Snow falling! (*A shiver takes her.*) Oh, the snow has come too soon!

Snow—and the cold— Those little children's feet!
How can they gather fagots any more?
Three times to-day I ran to let them in
Out of the bitter wind, for breathing space.
One stood there crying, all alone—and lost.
So tiny, with her burden of rough sticks—
Her great wet eyes—I took her to the road.
Only such forest-gleaners find this path,
Or some one straying in the dark. I hope
There are no children in the forest now
Who could not find their way.

(*She runs to the window, and moves the candlestick along the ledge.*) Burn bright for them!

(*With a little forlorn laugh*)

Three times to-day I let the children in;
So now—there is no supper left for me!
Not long ago I could have sung for it!
A year ago—and I was in the South.
Roses were blooming still—and I was glad.
Pierrot made songs about them in the dusk.
Songs like no other songs—and—I—was glad.

(*Musing*)

He said, "Fair faces lightly I forget,
But never any song that I have made!"
Nor I, Pierrot! No word of any one!

(*She sings, half aloud*)

"Will you bid Love sit idle in my heart,
Because he has nowhere—nowhere to fly?"
Oh, Pierrot, how the echo hurts in mine!
—And then—the one I knew he made for me.

Oh, I do love that song and all its words!
 For once he called me, "Just a little dream;
 No thorny golden rose, like Columbine!"
 And after — as the twilight came — he sang,
 Passing our window, pausing for a space:

*"I shall not wake, nor lift my eyes
 To flitting shadows on a stream.
 One dream alone is life to me,
 All other life's a dream!"*

(She is silent for a moment, while the wind passes in full cry.)

And then came word from *Grandmère* — with no time
 To seek him out and say that I must go.
 Now that I have not *Grandmère* any more,
 It may be I shall take the road again,
 Dance for my bread among the sunny towns
 Far in the South. And then — some starlit night,
 As the moon rises o'er the olive trees,
 And heliotrope's in blossom — I may pass
 One singing of a little wistful dream —

(There is a sudden dull crash without, as of a fallen bough; a thud against the door. PIERRETTE springs up, her hands caught to her heart with fear. She rushes to the door and tries to push up the bar.)

I heard a cry! The children must be there!

(At last the bar moves. She flings back the door, leans down, and draws inside a dark figure, half hidden by the snow that comes driving in. She manages to force the door to again, then — step by step — to drag her burden near the fire. Though he is slender and boyish, the effort takes all her strength; and she kneels with shaking hands to push back the wet dark curls from his forehead, where a cut is bleeding.)

Pierrot!

(Hurriedly staunching the wound with snow and her kerchief, she pulls from her shoulders the little cloak of purple velvet and folds it into a pillow for his head. She chafes his hands between her own.)

How can it be that you are here?

PIERROT *(as one whose thoughts are far away):*

I left — the road. The message called for speed.
 They said — there was a forest-path to Vars.
 If I could — reach — the Lord Archbishop there
 In time — to give him word — there would be gold —
 A golden rose — but it was full of thorns —
 I feel them in the dark. Where's Harlequin?

Why should the stage grow black? Have we no lights?

(PIERRETTE, very pale, rises, brings the half-burned candle from

the window; and, from it, lights another short end, setting them together on the table. She lays a log on the dying fire, and kneels again beside PIERROT.)

PIERRETTE (*passionately*):

Could I have turned myself into a flame
To guide you scatheless onward through the storm
And after — let the tempest blow me out
Once you were safe —

(*A little sob catches in her throat.*)

Now is it no more dark,
For you have all the light that I can give,
And you can see me plainly, Pierrot. Strange
You should have fallen there beside the door
Where in the Autumn all day long I spun
And sang your songs to *Grandmère* — all but one.
— You do not know me, Pierrot!

(*Her face quivers like that of a frightened child.*)

PIERROT:

Singing — songs.

— Why does my head — If I could grasp and hold
A *chanson* that I made and sang one day
To — Hush! The melody was on my lips!
Once I can catch it — bring it back to me —
I shall remember — and be strong again.

PIERRETTE (*singing half under her breath*):

*Was I too happy, once before,
In some sweet year of old,
That sorrow crouches at my door
To still my heart with cold?*

(*PIERROT shakes his head restlessly. She lifts it tenderly, pillows it on her own arm, leaning nearer, and with a shy impulse lays her warm cheek against his cold one.*)

Not that? Then listen once again, Pierrot!

*Love is a dream,
And the dream is a rose.
Drink deep its fragrance
Ere the hour goes.*

PIERROT (*trying to raise himself*):

Nor that! The air you sang to me before —
Was it not feigned reproach — to one — who smiled?
This other — Half was not my own at all —
Yet is it nearer — with its word of dreams —
A dream — so like a taper burning bright —
Oh, sing it for me!

PIERRETTE (*watching his face anxiously, as the candles flicker*):

Pierrot, I will try.

If only — my heart were not beating so!

(She sings unsteadily)

*I shall not wake — nor lift my eyes
To flitting shadows — on a stream.
One dream alone — is life — to me;
All other life's a dream.*

PIERROT *(with a sudden cry of joy):*

Ah, memory of all the world is mine!

That was the song — I sang — to — Columbine!

*(He falls back on her arm. A wild gust flings open the door,
catching away the candle flames and leaving all dark.)*

ALDIS DUNBAR

MAID OF THE WEST

O GREY-EYED maiden of the west,
What is it that you see
Upon the ocean's tranquil breast,
Where soon the sun will be:
Is it a dream of long ago
Stirs in your memory?

An ancient dream of Faery mounds
And stately Faery men,
And Faery minstrelsy, that sounds,
Half-heard, throughout the glen,
Where bright the mountain streamlet flows,
And leaping, flows again.

But now the light is fading fast,
White mist the valley fills;
While Night her kerchief grey has cast
Across the purple hills,
And God at evening stills the fret
Of our too childlike wills.

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

THE JUDGE OF THE DIVORCE COURT

Translated from the Spanish entremes of Cervantes¹

THE JUDGE.	THE CLERK.	THE LAWYER.
AN OLD MAN, and his wife MARIANA.		A PORTER.
A SOLDIER and his wife GUIOMAR.		TWO MUSICIANS.
A BARBER-SURGEON and his wife ALDONZA DE MINJACA.		

SCENE I

(Enter the JUDGE, the CLERK, and the LAWYER. The JUDGE takes his seat; and the OLD MAN and MARIANA his wife appear.)

MARIANA: How fortunate! The Judge of the Divorce Court is on the bench. This time I'm bound to have my case decided one way or the other. This time I'll win my suit, and be free as a hawk.

OLD MAN: For Heaven's sake, Mariana, don't make so much noise about it! Speak gently, and don't get in a passion, by the Passion that our Lord passed through. Don't you know that you've roused the whole neighborhood with your cries? Now you're in the presence of the Judge, and can tell him your troubles without raising such a rumpus.

JUDGE: What brings you to this court, good people?

MARIANA: Your Honor, divorce, divorce, and nothing but divorce! Again I say, a thousand times, divorce.

JUDGE: From whom, madam, and for what reason?

MARIANA: From whom, did you say? Why from this old man right here.

JUDGE: Why?

MARIANA: Because I can't stand him any longer nor be forever taking care of him, afflicted as he is with every kind of infirmity and complaint. My parents didn't bring me up to be a hospital nurse. I brought a good dowry to this bag of bones that's wearing my life out. When I married him, I had a face that shone like a mirror, and now it's as rough as a yard of frieze. Please, your Honor, unmarry me. If you don't I'll hang myself. Just see how furrowed my cheeks are with the tears I shed every day all because I'm married to this living skeleton.

JUDGE: Don't weep, my good woman. Don't make so much noise, and dry your tears. I'll see that justice is done you.

MARIANA: Pray let me weep. It's the only way I can relieve my feelings. In all well ordered kingdoms and republics there ought to be a time limit for marriages. They should be dissolved or re-

¹ Compare the translation of *The Talkers*, with introductory essay, published in *THE COLONNADE* for July, 1916, Vol. XII., pp. 5-11, and 12-19.

newed every three years, just as property leases are. They ought not to last a whole life-time to the everlasting sorrow of both parties.

JUDGE: If it were either right or possible to put such an arrangement into practice, it would have been done long ago, especially since it would be a paying proposition. But be more specific, madam, as to your reasons for seeking a divorce.

MARIANA: The winter season of my husband's age and the springtime of my own. Losing my sleep every night, what with getting up to put hot cloths and bran poultices on him and arranging this or that bandage. (Would I could see him bandaged to a stake to pay for it!) Then, too, the nuisance it is to prop him up in bed and give him soothing syrups to keep him from choking to death.

OLD MAN: Really, gentlemen, you don't know this woman. On my word, if you had to live with her you'd starve her or you'd beat her! I've lived a martyr's life with her for twenty-two years, never letting on what I've suffered from her insolent ways, her scoldings, and her whims. And now for the last two years she's been fairly pushing me into the grave, haranguing me till I'm half deaf, and berating me till I'm half mad. If she's taken care of me as she says, you may be sure she's done it grumblingly, and everybody knows that a nurse's hand ought to be gentle. In short, gentlemen, I am dying on her account, while she is living on my account, so to speak; for she is absolute mistress of every cent I have.

MARIANA: Every cent you have? And what, may I ask, have you that you didn't get from my dowry? Half of what's come in since we were married is mine, however much you hate to acknowledge it. And if I were to die this minute, I wouldn't leave you a cent of my dowry or of my other property, just to show you how much affection I have for you.

JUDGE: Tell me this, sir. When you were married, weren't you good-looking, in good health, and good-natured?

OLD MAN: I've already told you I married this woman twenty-two years ago. At that time, I was so lusty that no one could outdo me.

MARIANA: A new broom sweeps clean!

JUDGE: Be still, good woman. Go home with God's blessing. I can't see any ground for granting you a divorce. You've already had the sweet fruit of life, now you must eat of the bitter. No husband can be supposed to outstrip Time or to keep Time from passing through and over his days. Let the good things that this man gave you, when he could, make up for the bad that are now your lot; and don't say another word.

OLD MAN: You'd do me a great favor, your Honor, if you could see your way clear to put me out of pain by freeing me from my prison. If you leave things as they are, now that we've had this break, you'll be giving me back into the hands of the executioner to be tortured anew. If you won't free me, let's make this arrangement.

Shut her up in a convent, and me in a monastery. We can divide the property, and spend in peace and for the glory of God the little span of life remaining to us.

MARIANA: Good Heavens! Shut *me* up in a convent? The kind of woman to shut up in a convent is the one who is fond of tricks, of circumlocutions, of convent gratings, and of listening to secrets. Shut yourself up in a convent, for you could stand it. You've neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor feet to walk on, nor hands to use. But I, on the contrary, who am in good health and in full possession of my faculties, want to enjoy these blessings openly, not by hook or crook, as one plays an uncertain game of cards.

CLERK: This woman is mighty independent.

LAWYER: And her husband is no fool, but I can't do anything to help them out.

JUDGE: Well, I cannot grant them a divorce *quia nullam invenio causam*.

SCENE II

(*Enter a well dressed SOLDIER, accompanied by his wife, GUIOMAR.*)

GUIOMAR: Thank Heaven! My greatest longing is satisfied now that I find myself in your presence, and I beseech you with all my heart to divorce me from *this*!

JUDGE: What do you mean by *this*? Has he no other name? You might at least have said "from this man."

GUIOMAR: If he were a man, I shouldn't be wanting to get a divorce.

JUDGE: What is he?

GUIOMAR: A blockhead.

SOLDIER (*aside*): By Heaven! I may well be a blockhead after all I've listened to and suffered. Perhaps, if I don't defend myself or contradict her, the judge will be inclined to condemn me and, thinking he is punishing me, will as a matter of fact release me from captivity, like a prisoner miraculously set free from the dungeons of Tetuan.

LAWYER: Speak more politely, madam, and tell us your complaint without insulting your husband, for the judge of the divorce court here present will see that you get justice.

GUIOMAR: Well, isn't it all right to call a person a blockhead if he's as lifeless as a block of wood?

MARIANA: This woman and I are doubtless complaining of one and the same grievance.

GUIOMAR: What I want to say, sir, is that they married me to this man, since you insist on my calling him a man, but that this is not the man I married.

JUDGE: How is that? I don't understand you.

GUIOMAR: I mean that I supposed I was marrying a real man; and, after a few days, I found I had married a blockhead, as I have said, for he doesn't know his right hand from his left, nor does he make the slightest effort to pick up a cent for the support of his household and his family. He spends his mornings hearing mass and loafing at the Guadalajara gate where he gossips and gossips, listening to and repeating all sorts of idle tales; in the afternoon and sometimes in the morning, too, he roams from one gambling house to another where he only serves to increase the number of the on-lookers—a class of people cordially hated by those who run the houses. At two o'clock, he comes home to dinner without a red cent, for the gamblers who win no longer give part of their gains to the by-standers as they used to in the good old days. He goes out again after dinner, and doesn't come back till midnight. He has supper—if there happens to be anything to eat. If there isn't, he crosses himself, yawns, and goes to bed; and, what's more, he doesn't lie still a minute but tosses all night long. I keep asking him what's the matter. He always answers that he is composing a sonnet for a friend who has asked him for one. He insists on considering himself a poet, as if that weren't the most poverty-stricken trade on earth.

SOLDIER: My wife, Dona Guiomar, is perfectly right in everything she says. If I were as right in everything I do as she is in every word she utters, I should certainly have managed to worm myself into someone's favor, and I'd now see myself, like other clever and lively young fellows, pike in hand, mounted on a hired mule, which would of course be a small, raw-boned and vicious one with never a mule boy to walk beside it, for the only mules that can be hired are poor ones that aren't good for anything else. Such a young man carries his saddle bags with a collar and shirt in one of them and half a cheese and his bread and bottle of wine in the other. To make traveling clothes of those he ordinarily wears, he only adds leggings and a single spur. With a commission in his pocket and anxiety in his heart, he starts out grumbling over the Toledan bridge; and, despite his lazy nag, after a few days he sends home a nice flitch of bacon and a few yards of coarse linen, and, later on, other things that can be bought cheap in the places through which his path lies. In this way, he supports his family as well as any poor sinner in the wide world. But, as for me, I have no commission, and I don't know what to do; for no gentleman will have me in his service because I'm married. So I am forced to beg you, your Honor, to separate us and divorce us, since my wife wants a divorce and since the gentry are so particular, being too poor to support a married man.

GUIOMAR: And there's another point too, your Honor. When I see that my husband amounts to so little, and that he's so needy, I long to remedy it. But I can't; for, after all, I'm an honest woman, and I won't do anything wrong.

SOLDIER: If that were the whole truth, this woman would deserve to have a loving husband. But, under her fine sense of honor, she conceals the worst possible disposition. She is insanely jealous with no reason whatsoever. She makes a great to-do over nothing. She puts on airs. Because I am poor, she hasn't the least respect for me. The worst of it is, your Honor, that, to pay for her fidelity, I have to stand in private thousands and thousands of unbearably insolent words and deeds.

GUIOMAR: And why shouldn't he? And, on the other hand, why shouldn't he show me every courtesy and all due respect when I'm such a virtuous woman?

SOLDIER: See here, Dona Guiomar, I want to ask you one thing in the presence of these gentlemen. Why do you pride yourself so much on being good? You can't very well help it. You had good parents. You were born a Christian, and it's for your own interest to be virtuous. It's all very well for women to want their husbands to respect them for being chaste and honest, as if that were everything. But they never give a thought to a thousand other fine virtues that they lack. What do I care whether you are faithful to me or not? But I do care that you don't give a hang what kind of servant you keep, go around scowling, cross, jealous, and sullen, and are extravagant, lazy, quarrelsome, complaining, and insolent enough to wear out the life of two hundred husbands. But of course, your Honor, Dona Guiomar is none of these things. And I confess that I am a stupid fellow, witless, luckless, and lazy. But I must say that, if only for the sake of law and order, your honor is in duty bound to divorce us. I'll tell you right now that I'm not defending myself against my wife's charges. I consider the case closed, and I'm eagerly waiting to receive my sentence.

GUIOMAR: And what could you say in answer to my charges, I should like to know? You don't give me enough to eat, nor your servant either, and you may be thankful that we've only one servant, and that one a poor weak little thing that eats no more than a grasshopper.

CLERK: Calm yourselves. Here come other petitioners.

(Enter a man who appears to be a doctor, but who is in reality a BARBER-SURGEON, and ALDONZA DE MINJACA, his wife.)

BARBER-SURGEON: For four good and sufficient reasons, I come to ask you to grant me a divorce from Dona Aldonza de Minjaca, my wife here present.

JUDGE: You seem to know what you want. Give your four reasons.

BARBER-SURGEON: The first is, that I loathe her like the very devil; the second, one that she herself knows very well; the third,

one that I don't intend to tell you. The fourth is, that I don't want the devil to get me when I depart this life as he's bound to if I have to spend the rest of my days with her.

LAWYER: He makes his meaning confoundedly clear.

MINJACA: Your Honor, listen to me, and let me tell you that, if my husband has four reasons for wanting a divorce, I have four hundred. The first is, that, whenever I see him, I feel as if I were looking upon Lucifer himself. The second is, that I was taken in when I married him; for he said he was a regular doctor, and he turned out to be an ordinary leech — a man who makes bandages and cures petty complaints. He's only half a doctor. The third is, that he's jealous of the very sun that shines upon me. The fourth is, that I can't abide him and want to put millions of leagues between us.

CLERK: Who the devil could make these clocks keep time, when their wheels are so out of order?

MINJACA: The fifth . . . The fifth . . .

JUDGE: Madam! Madam! If you intend to enumerate the whole four hundred reasons here, I might as well tell you right now that I've no intention of listening to them. Your evidence must be investigated, so go your way. There's other business to be attended to here.

BARBER-SURGEON: What more evidence do you want than that I don't want to die with her as my wife, and that she doesn't want to live with me as her husband?

JUDGE: If that were sufficient reason for dissolving marriages, an infinite number of people would shake off the yoke of matrimony.

(Enter a man evidently a PORTER, wearing a porter's cap.)

PORTER: Your Honor, I'm a porter. I don't deny it. But I'm a good Christian with no taint of heresy, and an upright man. If it were not that occasionally I take wine (or rather, to be more exact, it takes me), I should have been by this time steward of the guild of dock hands. But passing over all that (and there is a vast amount I might say on that subject), I must tell your Honor that once, when too sadly under the influence of Bacchus, I promised to marry a woman of the streets. Later I came to my senses; but I kept my word and married the woman, thereby rescuing her from sin. I set her up in business in the market place. Now she's so puffed up at being married and so insolent that she quarrels with everybody who comes near her stall. Sometimes it's about a short weight, sometimes about her fruit. Twice out of every three times, she throws a weight at her customers' heads or any part of them it may happen to hit, and she abuses them down to the fourth generation, never giving a minute's peace to anybody within a mile. I have to keep my sword sliding to and fro like a trombone to defend her. We

don't earn enough to pay our fines and the costs of our street brawls. I should like, if it please your honor, to be separated from her, or at least to see her hot temper curbed. And I promise to unload free of charge all the coal your Honor buys this winter. For I have a pull with the merchants.

BARBER-SURGEON: I know this man's wife, and she's fully as bad as my Aldonza. I can't say anything worse than that.

JUDGE: Listen, gentlemen, some of you have given reasons that seem to warrant a divorce, but you must put them in writing and you must have witnesses. Then I will consider all your cases. But what's this? Music and guitars in my court? This is unheard of.

(Enter two MUSICIANS.)

MUSICIAN: Your Honor, that unhappy couple whom your Honor brought together, reconciled, and pacified the other day, are awaiting your Honor at their house, where they have prepared a great feast. They have sent us to beg your Honor to honor it with your presence.

JUDGE: With the greatest pleasure in life. And would to Heaven that all these couples here might be reconciled in the same way!

LAWYER: But, in that case, the clerk and the lawyers of this court would starve to death. No! No! On the contrary, let everybody ask for divorce who wants to, for, after all, most of them end by staying married, and we lawyers enjoy the fruit of their quarrels and their foolishness.

MUSICIAN: Come! Come! Away to the feast!

(The MUSICIANS sing.)

When people honorably wed
Can not agree but fight instead,
Reuniting, be it by force,
Is better than the best divorce.

Save only when there's real deceit
Such as, alas, we sometimes meet,
A lively scrap on St. John's day
Foretells a year of peace, they say.

Then honor takes new lease of life
And happiness where once was strife.
E'en jealousy that drives men mad
When woman's fair is not so bad.

Reuniting, be it by force,
Is better than the best divorce.

And Love who is a clever sage
Repeats to us from age to age:
"Reuniting, be it by force,
Is better than the best divorce."

*Translated from the Spanish extremes of CERVANTES by
EDITH FAHNESTOCK and FLORENCE DONNELL WHITE.*

FROM YOU

TENDERNESS from you?
No more welcome thing in this great world
Than tenderness from you.
I would give all the dewdrops of morning;
The pebbles on the shore, were they pearls,
These, too, would I give
For tenderness.
If all the butterflies, the bees, the leaves
Of the trees were sweet wishes,
These would I give.
The sun, the stars, the little crescent moon are yours.
The drops from my ears, the comb from my hair,
My green slippers, my prettiest dress with the scent
Of violet, my choicest gems —
These are yours.
You may have my laugh, the song that bursts to my lips,
My tears, you may have my tears for tenderness.

JOSEPHINE FISHBURN

TO MASTER FRANCOIS VILLON

BRAVE Captain of a gallant race,
Your day is done; your sun is set;
And now remains no lingering trace
Of Catherine or the fair Huguette.
Five centuries of dust! and yet,
Still gleams the star of your romance.
Villon! you paid the King his debt:
You saved the Oriflamme of France!

The stars were ever your true place!
There, by some faery parapet,
Perchance you still wield sword and mace,
And draw your dagger, still blood-wet!
With Cyrano and glum Le Bret,
You meet, and change a thrust perchance,
Or toast the Lord of Neuville
A soldier's toast to gallant France!

Or, warming to your lady's grace,
You tune your soft lute's plaintive fret
To songs more delicate than lace,
More fragrant than the mignonette.
Sing on, then! Ever will we let
Such mages charm us to their trance!
Sing on! of love, of vain regret,
And of the glory of Old France!

L'ENVOI

Prince, the dark foe still lays his net
As nimbly as when you bore lance;
Yet fear not — he shall pirouette! —
For *heroes* were the sires of France!

JOHN LYMAN HITCHINGS

THE COLONNADE

Table of Contents for June

AMERICAN NUMBER

PAGE

145	Contents
146	Editorial Board
146	Lincoln (Verse)..... <i>Elmer Ellsworth Brown</i> <i>Chancellor of New York University</i>
147	The Culpit Fay: A Criticism.. <i>Archibald L. Bouton</i> <i>Dean of the University College, New York University</i>
160	Lynching and Democracy..... <i>Edwin J. Morgan</i>
163	To Commander Rowley, R. N. (Verse).... <i>A. H. N.</i>
164	The New Style in Grandmothers.. <i>Bertha H. Quimby</i>
165	Altitudes (Verse)..... <i>John W. Draper</i>
166	Saint Augustine at Twilight (Verse).. <i>James Bardin</i>
168	Head and Heart (Verse)... <i>Charles Wharton Stork</i>
169	Professor Lowell (Concluded).... <i>Clifford S. Parker</i> <i>Sometime instructor in French in Union College</i>
177	The Genius of Quirigua (Verse) <i>Richard Butler Glaenger</i>
177	The Valley of the Ten Peaks (Verse) <i>Phoebe Hoffman</i>
178	Andes (Verse)..... <i>John W. Draper</i>
179	Nukulailai..... <i>W. Jay Overton</i> <i>Mate, R.N.C.V.R.</i>
183	"With Thy Help, Amen!".. <i>Arthur Huntington Nason</i> <i>Professor of English in New York University</i>
192	The Passing (Verse)..... <i>Elinor Chipp</i>
193	Index for Volume XIII.
196	Recent Books by Members of the Andiron Club

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LINCOLN

L INCOLN, we lived in thee: all that is best
And humanest in our lives was in thy life,
Courage to see the truth and dare the test,
And love that faced the strife to outlive the strife.
Lincoln, live thou in us: this murky night
Our every path with dread and danger bars;
Thy spirit should lead us, thy unwavering sight
Scan the new day that dims our wonted stars;
Through dull morass or up the jagged steep,
Should guide us by a new and lonely way,
While homely jest and commonplace should keep
True faith with men who live life's common day.
Truest American, true to all mankind,
Thy life should rouse the faint and light the blind.

ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN

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THE CULPRIT FAY: A CRITICISM¹

FROM to-day, it is something more than one hundred years back to the time when, in 1816, Drake wrote *The Culprit Fay*. In the same year the *North American Review* published *Thanatopsis*. This double beginning of a new American poetry looked in two directions. Long ago Thomas the Rymer wrote of two great highways of poetry:

O see ye not yon narrow road
So thick beset with thorn and brier?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few enquire.

And see ye not that bonny road
That winds about yon fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elf-land
Where you and I this night maun gae.

Out upon the one path Bryant led the way, for the new poetry of America; down the other, toward the way of Glamour, Drake started when he wrote *The Culprit Fay*.

In point of length, in novelty of its material, in the ambition of its design, *The Culprit Fay* is Drake's most conspicuous poem. It is probably the earliest native poem of distinct length to attain anything like a general popularity in America. It remains our only contribution to fairy lore. The facts about the composition of the poem are tolerably certain, though it will be interesting to offer

¹ The substance of this paper was originally presented as a contribution to a public commemoration of Joseph Rodman Drake, organized by the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences, on May 25, 1915.

one or two minor corrections of the legendary account. The poem, I have said, was written in 1816. Halleck fixes the date by his endorsement upon a manuscript copy of the poem which he enclosed in a letter to his sister written January 29, 1817: "The following lines were written by Joseph Rodman Drake in New York in August, 1816, and copied from the author's manuscript in January, 1817, by Fitz-Greene Halleck."² The fact that such men as Willis, Poe, Griswold, and Duyckinck, in writings still readily accessible, give the date of composition as 1819, makes the repetition of Halleck on this point worth while.

Drake's motive for literature was not commercial. Singularly enough, the poem existed and was circulated in manuscript only for many years even after Drake's death in 1820. In an issue of the *Weekly Mirror* published in New York City in 1828,³ William Leggett, in a paper on Halleck, speaks of Drake's *Culprit Fay* as "withheld from the public." Early in 1835, Nathaniel Parker Willis, at the time an attaché with the American legation at Paris, published a series of four papers on contemporary American literature in the *Athenaeum* of London. In the third of these papers, published February 7th, Willis gives the chief place to Drake, and publishes a paraphrase of the poem, with selections amounting to 356 lines of the 640 in the original. Willis states that the poem had never been published; and we have Halleck's word to General James Grant Wilson that this was the first publication of any substantial part of *The Culprit Fay*.⁴

Many manuscript copies, however, were in circulation. Drake himself is said to have made as many as six copies for friends. No collation of these has, I believe, ever been attempted. In a manuscript letter written by W. I. Paulding to E. A. Duyckinck, January 22, 1868, and preserved in the Public Library of New York, Paulding quotes Mr. C. Graham Tillou, Drake's nephew, as saying, "*The Culprit*

² James Grant Wilson, *Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck*, 169.

³ *The Weekly Mirror*, January 26, 1828.

⁴ *Century Magazine*, 80: 439

Fay has never been published as written by Drake.”⁵ In the circumstances, Tillou can hardly have meant more than that not all of Drake’s versions are alike. In the *Athenaeum*, Willis remarks that “great numbers of manuscripts are abroad; and with every new copy it is . . . becoming more and more mangled and incorrect.” This fact no doubt contributed to the motive which led Mrs. DeKay, Drake’s daughter, to publish through Dearborn, in New York in 1835, the thin and beautiful volume which contains the first complete and authoritative edition of *The Culprit Fay*, together with such other poems as she cared to include in this permanent record. This edition established the text of the poem.

What is the theme of the poem? It is the story of the expiation by a fairy ousphe of the crime of loving a mortal maiden. The scene is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson, not far from West Point.

’Tis the middle watch of a summer’s night,
The earth is dark but the heaven’s are bright; . . .
The moon looks down on old Cronest.

The monarch of the Elves has summoned his court for trial of the culprit ousphe for the capital offence of loving an earthly maid. The sentence usually imposed for the offence is read to the criminal:

Tied to the hornet’s shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettles’ stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell

⁵ I wish here to acknowledge the help in obtaining material for the preparation of this article rendered to me by Hon. Victor H. Paltsits, Keeper of MSS. in the New York Public Library, and compiler of the bibliography of Drake’s writings published by the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences, 1919. To him, since the preparation of the present paper, I am indebted for the following supplementary facts: *The Culprit Fay* seems to have been printed entire for the first time in the *Boston Pearl*, from which it was reprinted with the addition of an important headnote in the *New York Mirror* of July 11, 1835, pp. 12-14. A portion of the poem had already appeared in the *Mirror* some years before; but the above printings seem to have been the first complete presentations, and preceded its appearance in the authorized collection of Drake’s poems which Dearborn published in 1835 for the poet’s daughter. It was in *The Mirror*, too, that the authorized volume received an excellent review, Nov. 21, 1835.

With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
 Or every night to writhe and bleed
 Beneath the tread of the centipede;
 Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
 Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
 Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
 Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:
 These it had been your lot to bear,
 Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.

In consideration of the "sinless mind" of the maiden, the penalty is softened; and a pardon is granted upon two conditions. The offending sprite must first capture a drop of water as it is flung from the sturgeon in his graceful leap in the moonlit sea; this will cleanse the soiling of his wings. Next he must watch in the heavens for a shooting star, and pursue its flight until he can capture the last spark sprayed forth in its gleaming flight; this spark alone can rekindle his extinguished torch.

The goblin marked his monarch well;
 He spake not, but he bowed him low,
 Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
 And turned him round in act to go.
 The way is long, he cannot fly,
 His soiled wing has lost its power,
 And he winds adown the mountain high,
 For many a sore and weary hour.
 Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
 Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,
 Over the grass and through the brake,
 Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake. . . .
 For rugged and dim was his onward track,
 But there came a spotted toad in sight,
 And he laughed as he jumped upon her back;
 He bridled her mouth with a silk-weed twist;
 He lashed her sides with an osier thong;
 And now through evening's dewy mist,
 With leap and spring they bound along.

Coming at last to the brink of the stream that is the home of the sturgeon, he plunges in. Straightway the denizens of the river spring up to defend their realm against the invading Fay. Against him —

Their warriors come in swift career
 And hem him round on every side;
 On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
 The quarl's long arms are round him roll'd,
 The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
 And the squab has thrown his javelin,
 The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
 And the crab has struck with his giant claw;
 He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain,
 He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
 Hopeless is the unequal fight,
 Fairy! naught is left but flight.

Fleeing back to the land again, gashed and wounded, he lay down, and looking behind

. . . he saw, around in the sweet moonshine,
 Their little wee faces above the brine,
 Giggling and laughing with all their might
 At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

Reviving at length, he spies a purple muscle shell of which he makes him a boat with an oar of a bootle blade. In the boat, beyond the reach of the river imps, who are powerless above the surface of the river, he sails on till he finds the brown-backed sturgeon. Then

. . . he skulled with all his might and main,
 And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
 Till he saw him upward point his head; . . .
 With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
 Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
 And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
 He sprung above the waters blue.
 Instant as the star-fall light,
 He plunged him in the deep again,
 But left an arch of silver bright
 The rainbow of the moony main. . . .
 A moment and its lustre fell,
 But ere it met the billow blue,
 He caught within his crimson bell,
 A droplet of its sparkling dew —
 Joy to thee, Fay! thy task is done,
 Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won —
 Cheerly ply thy dripping oar
 And haste away to the elfin shore.

The first quest of the Culprit Fay is ended.

The cricket calls the second hour of the night as the Fairy starts heaven-ward, with wings now unstained, on his second quest — that of the fiery spark with which alone he can re-illumine his flame-wood lamp. Donning his accoutrements for his second great adventure, the Fay sets forth astride of a fire-fly steed:

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind;

Through cold and drizzly mist, storm and darkness, evading shadowy hands that twitch at his rein, and flame-shot tongues and fiendish eyes, he valiantly plunges onward, with his bent grass blade in action, until he arrives at the milky-way and the home of the sylph queen.

But oh! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright;
She seemed to the entranced Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

The elf awakens the love of the sylph queen, and she begs him to give up his quest and dwell forever with her; with her "to stand upon the rainbow's brim," "to dance upon the orbéd moon," to "rest on Orion's starry belt."

She was lovely and fair to see
And the elfin's heart bent fitfully:

but here the remembrance of his earthly love keeps him true.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy knight,
To do my sentence-task aright;
My honour scarce is free from stain,
I may not soil its snows again;
Betide me weal, betide me wo,
Its mandate must be answered now."

Right generously then the sylph queen aids him in his further quest. She gives a sable car, fiend-proof, and he speeds away till he finds the place of the falling star and at last catches a glimmering spark with which he re-illuminates his fairy lamp. Then he turns abruptly to the long downward gallop to earth and

. . . wheeled around to the fairy ground,
And sped through the midnight dark.

The poem closes with a roundelay chorus by all the fairies:

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry Fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither-hither wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again,
With dance and song, and lute and lyre,
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

This paraphrase has served two purposes: it has given the story of the poem, and it has revealed something of

the quality of the verse. Contemporary criticism of the work, seldom very well balanced, ran in general to consummate laudation. Halleck said of it: "It is certainly the best thing of the kind in the English language, and is more strikingly original than I had supposed it possible for a modern poem to be." But that was the language of enthusiastic friendship. Knowledge of this poem as well as of the "Croaker" poems may have been in the mind of Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*, when he exclaimed on meeting Drake and Halleck, "My God! I had no idea that we had such talents in America!" The writer of a criticism in the *American Monthly Review* for September, 1835, comments upon the newly published poem more specifically, but with hardly less glowing emotions: "For luxuriance of fancy, for delicacy of expression, for glowing imagery, and for poetic truth, it is rivalled by no poem that has appeared upon this side of the Atlantic. Our author . . . studied nature — studied her not as she appeared in books . . . he studied her in her own virgin retreats, by the mighty rivers and mossy forests of his own fresh land. . . . Its whole atmosphere is American. It is a fairy tale of our clime, and its imagery and accessories are applicable to no other beneath the sun." H. L. Tuckerman is said to have declared that *The Culprit Fay* is superior to any "fanciful poem" by Moore or Shelley.⁶ Some called Drake the American Keats.

In much of this comment it is easy to see the habit of exuberant and assertive over-praise which America has not even yet outgrown. It is a fault of youth which has not yet learned to measure its freedom. Not many years before *The Culprit Fay* was published, the *Edinburgh* had made its famous inquiry, "Who reads an American book?" And the next generation of American critics rallied resentfully to the defence of every new American book, for the most part not wisely but too well. *The Culprit Fay* has

⁶ A Oakey Hall, *Recollections of Men, Women and Things*, in *Truth*, Oct. 14, 1883.

obviously suffered from an inherited tradition of over-praise. In the poem, we may easily find echoes of Scott and Moore, and perhaps of Shelley, conceivably even of Keats; but the echoes are far more from the minor matters of theme and intention, and the lesser matters of the line, than from the major matters of treatment and of appeal. We do better for *The Culprit Fay* when we do not urge these fatal comparisons.

The ambition to aid in building an American fairy lore was certainly in Drake's mind. Legend, however, has done its work here. Practically every one who has written about *The Culprit Fay* since Griswold — and this includes the Duyckincks, R. H. Stoddard, General Wilson, and Francis R. Tillou, Drake's brother-in-law — records a charming moonlight meeting of friends at Cold Spring in the Hudson Highlands in 1816, at which Drake, the novelist Cooper, DeKay, Halleck, and Charles Fenno Hoffman were discussing the power of scenery to impress the imagination.⁷ Cooper and Halleck claimed for the Scottish Highlands supreme power to inspire the poet and the novelist; and they lamented that American scenery could not similarly inspire the man of letters. That night, before morning, the legend runs, Drake wrote *The Culprit Fay* as a reply; and in three days had perfected the poem.

The legend seems not supported by facts. In the Halleck correspondence, preserved in the New York Public Library, is an unpublished letter from Halleck to E. A. Duyckinck, dated May 13, 1866, evidently relating to the revision of this paragraph for a new edition of the *Cyclopedia of American Literature*. It reads: "In acknowledgement of the compliment you are paying to the writings of Dr. Drake and myself, I have looked over the proof sheets you sent me some years ago, which I have kept subject to

⁷ The earliest account of this conversation that I have discovered occurs in Willis's account of Drake in his article in *The Athenaeum*, to which reference has already been made. According to Willis, the subject of conversation was: "How difficult it would be to write a fairy poem, purely imaginative, without the aid of human characters." This account seems soon to have given place to the commoner version which is quoted in the text.

your order, and hand you herewith two extracts for the purpose of explanation." The second of these extracts concerns *The Culprit Fay*. "*The Culprit Fay* was written in 1816," it runs. "DeKay was then in Europe. Drake was never acquainted with Cooper. The whole paragraph is a fiction." The revised Cyclopedia seems to have appeared a year before Halleck returned his proof; and at all events, the correction was never made. Halleck had long before borne testimony, in the letter to his sister in January, 1817, already quoted, that Drake wrote the poem in New York, and that it was completed in three days.

There is, however, essential, if not literal, truth in the story. Like Charles Brockden Brown, like Irving, like the Cooper of the Deerslayer stories, Drake did seek literary values in American scenes. Is there nothing in America, he asks in his poem addressed to Halleck, "to touch the poet's soul?"

No deeds of arms to wake the lordly strain?
 Shall Hudson's billows unregarded roll? . . .
 Shame! that while every mountain stream and plain,
 Hath theme for truth's proud voice or fancy's wand,
 No native bard the patriot harp hath ta'en.

The laudation of Drake's contemporaries constantly proclaimed that the poem was "American"; that, through this masterpiece, the Hudson had now taken its place among the storied rivers of the world. The scene of the poem, it is true, is local; the materials of animal and vegetable life, from which so much of the fabric of the poem is made, were to be found in or by the Hudson; or else they swam in the salt waters off Hunt's Point. Drake's use of these materials sufficiently testifies to his love for nature and to the accuracy of his observations in local natural history; my biological friends say that it is all quite impeccable save for the typical circumstance that only a poet could people the Hudson at West Point with star-fish and porpoises. These, however, are particulars, it is fair to say, concern-

ing which Drake, reasonably enough, requested the poet's proper privilege, "the willing suspension of his reader's disbelief."⁸

But such demonstrations of the "Americanism" of the poem leave something out of account. Nothing American can be literature that does not first have in it something a good deal greater than America. The question is not at bottom one of the local realism of the poem. Are the Elf Monarch and his company really dancing still in the woodlands of the Hudson by the light of the mid-summer moon? Are they of the same fibre with the crew that Rip Van Winkle knew? The question goes deeply into the nature of Drake's poem. Any attentive reader of *The Culprit Fay* can feel the daintiness, the lightness, and the melody with which the materials of the story are compounded. This for example is the portrayal of the Fay accoutred for his second quest:

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down:
The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.

Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

Poe in an early review of Drake's poems⁹ invites attention to the curiously mechanical way in which the details of this

⁸ In a MS. note on a copy of *The Culprit Fay*, Drake says: "The reader will find some of the inhabitants of the salt water a little farther up the Hudson than they usually travel; but not too far for the purposes of poetry." Duyckinck's *Cyclopedia of American Literature*, Article, *Joseph Rodman Drake*.

⁹ *Southern Literary Messenger*, April, 1836.

picture are selected and combined. To prove that it is mechanical he wrote a parody of the stanza substituting other details of accoutrement for those presented:

His blue-bell helmet, we have heard
Was plumed with the down of the humming-bird;
The corslet on his bosom bold
Was once the locust's coat of gold;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled hues,
Was the velvet violet, wet with dews;
His target was the crescent shell
Of the small sea Sidrophel;
And a glittering beam from a maiden's eye
Was the lance which he proudly wav'd on high.

Such a picture, says Poe, can be made by any one tolerably acquainted with the qualities of the objects to be detailed, and possessing a very moderate endowment of the faculty of comparison. Fancy, said Coleridge, combines the facts of experience into new forms; and the stanza which I have quoted from *The Culprit Fay* is plainly what Coleridge would have called a product of fancy, rather than a work of creative imagination, like *Tintern Abbey*, blending its materials into ideal visions touched with "the light that never was on land or sea." To Poe, this distinction between fancy and imagination was unreal; and his favored example, as it happened, for exemplifying the lack of poetic ideality in a poem composed apparently within the provisions of the Coleridgean definition, was none other than *The Culprit Fay*.¹⁰ Frankly speaking, the limitation of *The Culprit Fay*, from the point of view of larger and permanent things, lies in a relative deficiency in what Poe calls ideality, or "the Poetic Sentiment"; in what to-day we frequently call the connotation of spiritual values. It is the relative deficiency of this quality that fixes a gulf between Keats and Drake, so broad that any real comparison is impossible. It is this that essentially differentiates the Fairy magically bodied forth in Shelley's *Queen*

¹⁰ Cf. Review by Poe of Moore's *Alciphron*, in Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1840.

Mab — the passage is quoted by Poe — from the *Culprit* or the *Sylph* in the poem of Drake. This is Shelley:

The Fairy's frame was slight; yon fibrous cloud
That catches but the faintest tinge of even,
And which the straining eye can hardly seize
When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,
Were scarce so thin, so slight; but the fair star
That gems the glittering coronet of morn,
Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,
As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,
Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,
Yet with an undulating motion,
Swayed to her outline gracefully.

And yet I have the feeling that, in the last analysis, Poe denied too much to *The Culprit Fay*. It was Poe's way to emphasize the negative in all his criticisms. It is true that the unevenness and inconsistency of youthful workmanship are there. Technically the work does need pruning, and it does lack proportion; and Drake did not revise; he improvised. And there had been too high praise. But Drake, when he wrote the poem, was only twenty-one. He was the first of our American poets to seek to find the Way of Glamour; and he journeyed on his pathway alone. The wonder is that such a poem should have been written in America at all in 1816. Such lightness and airiness of touch, such musical verse were well nigh unique in our earlier poetry; they are rare in our later. As I read the poem to-day, the music of its verse and the daintiness of its story seem to me to blend in a charm that brings a sweet and genuine if not a powerful appeal of poetic reality across the century.

ARCHIBALD L. BOUTON

LYNCHING AND DEMOCRACY

EVER since our fathers wrote into our documents of government the sacred tenets of Democracy, we have been striving to apply them to our activities at home and abroad. In this effort we have been largely successful. At home, we have abolished slavery; we have improved aggravated conditions of labor; and, to a large extent, we have recognized the political rights of women. Abroad, we have given freedom and autonomy to Cuba; and, more than that, we have contributed heavily toward making the whole world a decent, a free, and a just place to live in. These are indeed giant strides toward ideal Democracy. And for this progress, the world has given us a high and lofty place among the nations. We have now a name universally known for its fairness, its freedom, and its justice.

Yet, certain of these principles for which we have enjoyed so much honor, have been shamefully violated. Lynching has been a persistent contradiction of them. And unless we do more than we have done to eliminate this contradiction, the world may seriously challenge our pretensions to Democracy.

Among other basic principles, there are two upon which the genuineness and sincerity of Democracy depend: a guarantee of trial by jury, and protection of human life from lawless violence. Lynching profanes these sacred fundamentals. Where lynching exists, the majesty of the law becomes as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Trial by jury, one of the most precious privileges of free people, is denied. England specifies that privilege as a sacred right of Englishmen. France calls it an indispensable necessity of government. We call it an inherent right of man. Even the lowliest and most derelict subject of Russia may have it, or the most despised underling of Prussia. But thousands of Americans have been put to death without a trial before a judge and jury. Mob leaders have posed as judges and the rabble as juries. Mobs have been allowed to break into prisons, to snatch prisoners from rightful custodians, and to do with them what they willed. And they have always

willed brutal, unspeakable death; death, without sure establishment of guilt or innocence—without sure knowledge that the crime warranted the penalty. Men have been slain for offenses that no court in our age and times would punish with death. And though the crime be unspeakable and outrageous, and though it be ever so deserving of capital punishment, by what right may mobs divert the course of justice into their own hands? What have we come to, that, without adequate interference, mobs may openly and contemptuously set aside our law, intimidate its guardians, and institute a lawless and unrighteous rule of their own?

Lynching violates another guarantee of Democracy, one as sacred as that of trial by jury, and perhaps worthy of more concern: protection of human life from lawless violence. Such protection is one of the first duties of government. Citizens must have assurance that they are not in constant danger of injury at the hands of vicious fellow citizens. They cannot otherwise pursue their labors efficiently and contentedly. But, where lynching exists, human life is not protected. The blood-lust of mobs is as insatiable as the blood lust of Moloch. No thought of the precious value of life withholds them. No law of man or precept of God restrains them or tempers the ferocity of their intentions. There is no stopping until the dreadful deed is consummated. I think that lynching has not concerned us much because we have called it lynching and not murder. Lynching, a wilful, deliberate taking of human life, is murder; and it is fouler and more cowardly. Not one man, or two, undertakes to slay another; but hundreds of men with hundreds of guns attack one helpless unfortunate. Some people think that lynching involves a quick and merciful death. But more often, it consists of savage mutilations in advance of slow and awful death. Burning and branding and blinding—of these you have heard many times. But there have been tortures never told, too awful, too terrible to recount. If I were to tell you of the bloody cruelties usually resorted to, or, worst of all, of the unspeakable orgies practised in the lynching of women, you would never believe that I was

speaking of white Americans, hundreds of years after the Inquisition. What I would say could be better applied to the Turks in their massacres of the Armenians, or to the Cossacks in their pogroms on the Jews. I forbear even to insinuate this frightfulness. But I leave open with you the question whether we have fulfilled our guarantees to protect the lives of all our citizens and to insure them full justice before the law.

Little has been said or written of what we have done to right ourselves in this matter, because little has been done. Local government has not done well its part. Consider the growing number of mob-murders, and consider the few brought to justice for them. Consider the sham investigations, mockeries of the law, deliberate white-washing of something rotten in the community. Consider these, and you know how much local government has been concerned. And I am afraid also that if mobs were honestly scrutinized, local pillars of the law might be found setting matches to the pyres of luckless Negroes. The federal government could have succeeded where local government has failed. By a law stipulating punishment for communities guilty of mob violence, it could have at least checked the steady flow of unpunished murder. But the federal government has had scruples on state rights; and, except for an anti-lynching bill killed in committee in the last year, it has not given the matter serious consideration. The editor through his paper and the preacher in his pulpit could have accomplished far more than laws and statutes. Because they possess the tremendous power of propaganda, they could have so moulded public opinion as to eliminate the prejudice behind lynching. That would have been indeed a glorious accomplishment. But, except for sporadic and insufficient protests, they have neglectfully held their peace. On one side of the balance, in all their grandeur and loftiness, put our principles of Democracy, and on the other, our meagre efforts to stand by them in the matter of lynching. Then you will see how wretchedly we have been found wanting.

Unless we can repair our omissions, there may come a

time when this one sin may annul a thousand virtues. We may be judged not by our glorious and splendid strength, but by this one flagrant weakness. The world has heard us preach that justice should be rendered to small nations. It has heard us preach that we, with other just powers, would constitute a league of nations to protect the lives and property of weak people from predatory violence. The world may test the genuineness of these preachments by our ability to practice them at home. It may test our sincerity by our efforts to see justice done to 14,000,000 of our own people, by our efforts to protect the lives of 14,000,000 of our own people. Democracy, like charity, begins at home.

Lynching has contradicted certain of our most precious principles; and, in the past, we have not done our utmost to check it. Knowing, however, that we imperil our exalted world-position by countenancing its persistence, we look forward, therefore, to its complete extinction. We shall destroy it so that it can never reflect on the memory of our fathers or impair the future of our children. We shall destroy it so that we can present ourselves among the nations, our hands cleansed of the blood of wretched thousands, our hearts delivered of a dreadful burden.

EDWIN J. MORGAN.

TO COMMANDER ROWLEY, R.N.

(*March 26, 1919*)

TARS of Zeebrugge and Jutland,
 Tommies of Ypres and the Somme,
 You, who were fighting for *our* land
 Long ere our armies could come:
 Grant that we tender our homage
 Tardy but true.
 What would our millions have mattered,
 How would the world have been shattered —
 Lost — but for you!

A. H. N.

THE NEW STYLE IN GRANDMOTHERS

AS characters on the world's stage, grandmothers are as universal as babies; but, unlike them, are not remaining true to type. Where are the grandmothers of yesterday who, gowned in aristocratic black silk and ensconced in upholstered wing chairs in cozy chimney corners, industriously knitted heel after heel, embroidered madeira, painted impossible flowers on satin, or cross-stitched red and green *God-Bless-Our-Home's*? Where are their friends, other old ladies just past fifty, who, while the grandmothers were toasting their flannel-shod feet on the fender, thought and talked of old age, recalled "the dear departed" and "the good old days," discussed patterns for hooked rugs, enjoyed the poems of Josiah G. Holland and Nathaniel Parker Willis, worried about the cleanliness of their rarely used front parlors, censured Neighbor Whitehouse's absence from the meeting house last Sabbath, or protested because Neighbor Frothingham kept all the blinds of her house open and the shades up even on a sunny day? Where is their companion, the huge yellow tabby, who, after hunting robins in the apple orchard, lay contentedly at full length on the oval, braided hearth-rug?

Grandmother happened not to be dozing in her arm chair when the first, almost imperceptible, change in modern living appeared. She took heed of every vanishing home industry; she noted the omission of the chimney corner itself from house plans; she saw her favorite cat banished from respectable society by Maeterlinck, who made Pussy a spirit without religion, creed, or morals. In this new age, Grandmother has adjusted herself. The way in which she has taken her place as the keystone of the up-to-the-minute family has been one of the splendid accomplishments of this generation. Before Arnold Bennett advocated it, she had found out how to live on twenty-four hours a day; and so well has she succeeded in equipping her mind that to-day everyone understands that, if he wants to know how the war started, how to get the gist

out of Bernhardi or Nietzsche, how to study Spanish or cosmic philosophy, or how to discuss either side of the woman suffrage question, he should ask Grandmother, who can converse on all these subjects and is ready to join in any literary adventure. She inverts the teaching of Rabbi Ben Ezra, "Grow old along with me," to "Keep young along with me." To her "old-time religion," she has added a tolerant and light-hearted philosophy, learned to play auction bridge for charity, and resigned to others the privilege of winning sainthood through "entire sanctification." Moreover, she has bolted the door of the past, waived the question of her eternal salvation; and now — a long life and a merry one for her!

Young man, if you are looking for a lively and entertaining comrade, win — Grandmother.

BERTHA H. QUIMBY

ALTITUDES

THE sky is windless and remote;
The stars lie supine on the dark;
Tense is the silence, like a note
Long-drawn and lingering. Black and stark,
Low, riven trees stand in the night,
Like stalking things of ancient time,
That, wandering this upland park
To expiate some secret crime,
Saw God in Nature's awesome might,
And so have stayed, transfixed in fright,
O'erhung with moss and rime.

JOHN W. DRAPER

SAINT AUGUSTINE AT TWILIGHT

I

THE vesper bells are mingling mellow notes
With the evening songs of thrilling feathered throats
And the quiet plashing of the tide at ebb;
From the farther shore the sunset cannon booms,
And the level sunbeams fade on the closing blooms
Over which the twilight draws a turquoise web.

On street and square and ancient citadel,
The impending darkness lays a tranquil spell
Of changeful memories, born of the gloaming calm,
As the last gold rays of the dying western fire
Gleam on the cross above the cathedral spire
And flame in the frondage of a slender palm.

In the shadowing haze, the sands moan solemnly,
Touched by the many-fingered, gentle sea;
And the inland pines with chattering winds are rife.
The aged city sleeps; and murmurous night
Veils her with mystery, crowns her with tremulous light,
And stirs her sad heart with dreams of her vanished life.

II

A thin-voiced wind pipes on the gleaming beaches,
Blowing a salt breath from the reedy marshes
And heady perfume from the tangled reaches
Of cypress-darkened swamps; and low and harsh is
The sound of the surf that beats on the gusty strands
And rolls to the crescent edge of the star-lit sands
Where a grey walled fortress stands,
Piercing the sky with battle-riven towers.

Gaunt bastions, pitted by the leaden showers
That rained upon them in forgotten wars,
Guard the great gates; and rusting iron bars

Mark the dim dungeons, whose mould-covered walls
The restless waters lave.
Within, the shadow of a broken cannon falls
Upon the empty court-yard's pave.

III

Through all the air, a myriad voices sound
As the lapping waves which on the beaches run
Tell broken tales of hazards lost and won,
And the great-girthed oaks to the proud walls mouldering
down
Whisper, with rustle of leaves, a ceaseless story
Of triumphs passed, and long forgotten glory —
Of warriors dead, whose deeds no thought has cherished,
Of lovers gone, whose slender songs have perished;
And the sighing wind in the grass is as a breath
Recalling death.
But, amid the blossoms that droop in sleep,
A night-mad bird awakes and sings;
And the bright dew flashes like drops that leap
From the fount of youth's reviving springs;
Against the sky the ever-green plumes
Of palm-trees nod in the garden closes;
On lattice and wall swing deathless blooms,
And through the city, wrapped in glooms,
Drift the subtle, faint perfumes
Of fair, immortal roses.

JAMES BARDIN

HEAD AND HEART

MY head is a Puritan round head,
Methodical, sober and dull;
A thick head but also a sound head
Of business and commonplace full.
But the way of my life is not simple, I fear.
Two paths are to follow, the choice is unclear;
And fain is my heart
Of the opposite part,
For my heart, ah my heart is a gay cavalier!

My head is a rider, my heart is the horse;
Now he hears, now he plunges and shies.
No bridle can turn him, no spurring can force;
He baulks at a shadow, then off from his course
Over hedge, ditch, and bramble he flies.
When pleasure breaks covert as fleet as a deer,
He's off to the ring of the hunter's loud cheer. —
Small joy to the master,
As faster and faster
The roundhead is whirled by the mad cavalier.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK

PROFESSOR LOWELL

(Concluded)

III. HIS THEORY OF EDUCATION

WHEN Lowell first began to teach, in 1856, he had never been particularly concerned with pedagogical or educational theories. As a result of a score of years' experience in the class-room, however, he arrived at some theoretical conclusions of his own. To these, he gave public expression on two occasions. In 1886, he delivered an address on the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard; and in 1889 he spoke before the Modern Language Association of America. In the former essay, he discusses in connection with the early programs and methods of study at Harvard, the relative value of language and literature. A few significant sentences may give his thought. The earlier teaching, he says,

set more store by the marrow than by the bone that encased it. It made language, as it should be, a ladder to literature, and not literature a ladder to language.

I think I see a tendency to train young men in the languages as if they were all to be editors, and not lovers of polite literature.

Let the Humanities be maintained undiminished in their ancient right. Leave in their traditional pre-eminence those arts that were rightly called liberal; those studies that kindle the imagination, and through it irradiate the reason; those studies that manumitted the modern mind; those in which the brains of finest temper have found alike their stimulus and repose, taught by them that the power of intellect is heightened in proportion as it is made gracious by measure and symmetry. Give us science, too, but give first of all, and last of all, the science that ennobles life and makes it generous. I stand here as a man of letters, and as a man of letters I must speak.

What Lowell expresses here in very general terms, he applies more definitely to the teaching of languages in the second address, most of which, however, is given over to a defense of modern language instruction. Lowell's early

education came at a time when Hebrew, Greek, and Latin were the only languages thought worthy of being written and of being taught. During his life-time, the living languages had been winning for themselves their rightful place in college curricula. Lowell shows how printing, by enlarging the reading public in all countries, immediately increased the production of books in tongues familiar to those who were not scholars, and how it facilitated literary intercourse between different countries. As a result, English writers were influenced by European ideas; and the student of English literature must acquaint himself with the French or German or other models. The study of foreign literatures has other advantages. "I think that to know the literature of another language — whether dead or living matters not — gives us the prime benefits of foreign travel." If one translates from a foreign language into English, a better command of the native speech is acquired. "As a spur to the mind, as an open-sesame to the treasures of our native vocabulary, the study of a living language (for literary, not linguistic, ends) may serve as well as that of any which we rather inaptly call dead." Although Lowell believes in the study of the classics, he does not believe that the classics should be considered in every way superior to modern literature. The Greeks were masters of form; but the spirit of a book, not its artistic form, makes it live. The genius of Montaigne, not his art, is immortal. If we read for education, we do not find the great minds of the moderns less stimulating than the ancients; and if we read for pleasure, we usually find modern literature more entertaining. Some students who are bored by the classics would relish the moderns; modern languages, then, should be at least equally accessible to them in college programs of study. It is the humanistic and pleasurable side of modern languages that Lowell always emphasizes. "I think," he says, "that the purely linguistic side in the teaching of them seems in the way to get more than its fitting share." To his mind grammar is simply the root of language; the blossom is literature.

From this summary of his address, it is evident that Lowell's educational theory revolved upon the one word humanism. To expand the student's horizon and to enrich his intellectual life are his two ideals for college studies. What the instrument is, matters but little; an ancient language or a modern — one is as good as the other if taught in the proper way. The latter have the peculiar advantage of being more appealing to the average student; hence let them be used to bring the thoughts of great writers before the student. Because even the best translation cannot render exactly a piece of foreign literature, the student must have such knowledge of grammar as will enable him to read and understand the original. But the study of grammar for its own sake is a waste of time. We must suppose, then, that Lowell himself mastered Old French, not for the sake of the language, but because the development of language goes hand in hand with literary progress, and because the Old French romances contain much in themselves that is enlightening. His persistent study of Dante must have had similar motives; not a command of the language of the great poet, but a thorough understanding of his art, his ideas, his imagination, his personality, was the reward of a life-long study. It was Lowell's endeavor in the classroom to interpret the beauties of literature to his hearers. In the elementary stages, he insisted upon accuracy. "I make the students parse and construe with never failing strictness." But, with the advanced students, his method was quite different. A translation of Dante or of French metrical romances was not designed to illustrate genders and verb-forms, but rather to let the students see what a wealth of thought these poems contain. Lowell, we have seen, was a great reader; he had a retentive memory; his mind was overflowing with ideas. Of these, he gave richly to his students. Whatever the Dante or the French or anything else might suggest, was a starting point for his delightful rambling talks. His method in these classes was essentially discursive. For some students, this irregularity

offered convenient loopholes by which to escape required work; for the conscientious students, however, nothing could be better than to be thus made the sharers of Lowell's intellectual wealth. Lowell was no man to teach school-boys; but, for college men, he was an inspiration.

IV. HIS OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES

In order to judge fairly of Lowell's work as a professor, we should have in mind some of the outside activities in which he was engaged during his years of teaching. These can be briefly stated. At all times, Lowell was an omnivorous reader. He so characterized himself while still an undergraduate; and, in his old age, he speaks of himself as one of the last of the world's great readers. Much of what he read was, of course, directly connected with his college work, such as his reading on Dante, Old French, and European literature in general. Of the greater part of his reading, however, we see the results only in his critical writings and in what is reported of his speeches and conversations. His essays on Chaucer and on Milton exhibit well the breadth and thoroughness of his reading; and his series of lectures on Old English Dramatists proves his comprehensive knowledge of this field.

From 1857 to 1861, Lowell was the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, then a new periodical. It is needless to expatiate upon the time which this office claimed and the responsibilities which it laid upon his shoulders. Not only was Lowell expected to pass final judgment upon the articles submitted for publication, but he was continually being called upon for essays of his own. It was in the stirring days before the Civil War, and Lowell was frequently inspired to express his opinion on the questions of the day. This habit persisted; and, up to 1888, he had contributed 132 articles. Perhaps this picture of a professor concerning himself with other than academic questions has its moral for many teachers of to-day. The editorship of the

Atlantic was not Lowell's first experience in this kind of work, but it was the most responsible position of the kind that he held, and demanded much of his labor and his thought.

From 1863 to 1872, Lowell shared with Charles Eliot Norton the editorship of the *North American Review*. In this work, he was more a figure-head than a real editor, his name rather than his pen having been sought by the proprietors of the magazine. Norton did the lion's share of the work, but every now and then the responsibility for a number fell to Lowell. From 1864 to 1877, he had forty-three articles in the *Review*.

During the years of his professorship, Lowell published various volumes of essays and of verse. Among the former, we should mention *Fireside Travels*, in 1864; *Among My Books*, first series in 1870, and the second in 1876; and *My Study Windows*, in 1871. As evidence that he was not idle as a poet, we have his *Under the Willows* in 1868, *The Cathedral* in 1870, and *Three Memorial Poems* in 1877. Lowell always felt, however, that his work as professor and as critic stifled his poetic nature. Our admiration for the man is increased when we see him accomplishing so much in these diverse ways.

V. A CONCLUDING ESTIMATE

To round out our picture of Professor Lowell, we must look at him from two contrasting points of view. Let us see him first through his own eyes and then through the eyes of one of his pupils. His letters for various years of his professorship yield the following comments upon his work:

[1859]. Yesterday I began my lectures. I came off better than I expected, for I am always a great coward beforehand. I *hate* lecturing, for I have discovered (*entre nous*) that it is almost impossible to learn all about anything.

[1865]. I am not the stuff that professors are made of. Better in some ways, worse in others. . . . Anyhow my professorship is wearing me out.

[1867]. I begin my annual dissatisfaction of lecturing next Wednesday. I cannot get used to it. All my nightmares are of lecturing. But still I grow stouter.

After vainly trying to recall the details of a passage in Froissart, from whom he quoted, he says:

[1872]. And this the more persuades me of my unfitness to be a professor, whose main business it is to remember names and to be cocksure of dates. I can't for my life tell you (without going to my books) who it was that first alternated male and female rhymes in French Alexandrine verse, nor whether he hit upon this clever scheme for setting the French muse in the stocks towards the close of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. Isn't there a pretty professor! Anyhow, the said Muse has sat there ever since! Béranger cheered her up with a bottle of claret, and de Musset gave her a kind of wicked inspiration with *absinthe*; but there she sits, and all owing to this wretch whose name I can't recall. Am I the right sort of man to guide ingenuous youth? Not a bit of it!

[1874]. I never was good for much as a professor; once a week, perhaps, at the best, when I could manage to get into some conceit of myself, and so could put a little of my *go* into the boys. The rest of the time my desk was as good as I. And then, on the other hand, my being a professor wasn't good for me — it damped my gunpowder, as it were, and my mind, when it took fire at all (which wasn't often), drawled off in an unwilling fuse instead of leaping to meet the first spark.

From these passages, it is apparent that Lowell clearly recognized his shortcomings as a pedagogue. This sense of unfitness, of failure to measure up to the ideal standards of teachers, is undoubtedly common to all who undertake to instruct youth. Every teacher who takes a broad view of his subject sees how he falls short of a perfect mastery of it; every one who considers the personalities of his students, understands that he is dealing in his profession with the most complex thing in life. Even the ablest, most successful teacher must despair at times when he finds that his

earnest efforts have met with comparatively little response on the part of his classes. So Lowell's self-depreciatory comment upon his work as a professor may be regarded as the expression of a common experience; on it no final judgment of his worth must be based.

How Lowell impressed his students is well stated by Professor Barrett Wendell in an article on *Lowell as a Teacher*. Professor Wendell enjoyed the privilege of membership in Professor Lowell's classes during the last two years of the latter's active connection with Harvard. The first of the two courses was the one on Dante. Lowell's sense of the value of humanistic study was always apparent. "He never, from the beginning," says Professor Wendell, "bothered us with a particle of linguistic irrelevance." To his small class of ten or a dozen men, he aimed to teach the *Divina Commedia* as a masterpiece of literature. In Lowell's belief, Dante's great poem should be used to give the students "a lasting impression of what human life had meant to a human being." To interpret the poem, then, was Lowell's aim. His purpose was to reveal to the men, moreover, not merely what Dante said, but also the ideas which the poem suggested. So Lowell branched off at all tangents, drawing upon the fullness of his mind to talk at random. As Professor Wendell describes it:

Now and again some word or some passage would suggest to him a line of thought — sometimes very earnest, sometimes paradoxically comical — that it never would have suggested to any one else; and he would lean back in his chair, and talk away across country till he felt like stopping; or he would thrust his hands into the pockets of his rather shabby sack-coat, and pace the end of the room with his heavy laced boots, and look at nothing in particular, and discourse of things in general.

To make more rapid progress, the plan was adopted after a while of having the class translate one canto, Lowell himself the next. We may assume, from Lowell's remarks in various places, that he was satisfied with a free translation; always it was the spirit of a work that he empha-

sized. In the second year, Professor Wendell took Lowell's other course, Old French, in which were studied in the same way as the Dante, "Roland and other dreary Old French poems."

An amusing glimpse of Lowell's inattention to the details of academic routine is afforded by an anecdote which Professor Wendell relates. An examination had been taken by the class.

Weeks passed, and no news came of our marks. At last one of the class, who was not quite at ease concerning his academic standing, ventured at the close of a recitation to ask if Mr. Lowell had assigned him a mark. Mr. Lowell looked at the youth very gravely, and inquired what he really thought his work deserved. The student rather diffidently said that he hoped it was worth sixty per cent. "You may take it," said Mr. Lowell, "I don't want the bother of reading your book."

In Professor Wendell's eyes, the best side of Professor Lowell was seen when a student accepted his invitation to visit him at his home, Elmwood. He received the caller in an unconventional way before his wood-fire. The visit consisted principally of a monologue by the host. A book which he had just been reading, a piece of news in the day's paper, anything at all, served as a starting-point for his rambling talk. It was practically impossible for the student to talk to him. But Professor Wendell, for one, was quite content to sit in silence and drink in what Lowell was saying. Profundity and whimsicality alternated in his unrivalled fashion. "That talk," says Wendell of one of these evenings, "was such a poem as I have never read." Of the whole visit he exclaims, "The human friendliness of those evenings, whoever knew them cannot forget." And he sums up his estimate of Professor Lowell in the remark, "To me, he would always be chiefly the most inspiring teacher I had ever had." Between Lowell's modest representation of himself as a professor and Wendell's enthusiastic appreciation of him, I should judge that the latter came nearer the truth.

CLIFFORD S. PARKER

THE GENIUS OF QUIRIGUA

DEEP in the Guatemalan bush, a fane
Akin to those of Mayan Yucatan
Once more strikes wonder from the eyes of man,
So brave, so stout, its tenure of a plain
Servile, it seemed, to rot of jungle reign:
The temple of some ancient artisan
More simple and more godlike in its plan
Than any gilded church of lavish Spain.
Colossal forms, cut free from shackling vines,
Stare down as though they long to tell who lent
Them all this beauty; for their glyphic signs
Still wait a Champollion or Grotefend.
And so this genius plays a nameless part,
If nameless can be any work of Art.

RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS

THE rock-spires rose like Indian chiefs
Who sacked some ancient mission town,
And drew the sacramental lace
Over their shoulders scarred and brown.

Below the tracery of white,
They hung festoons of nuns' grey veils;
And tossed the fragments on the blue
To float like filmy, shipless sails;

And, like Narcissus, watched the depths
Of startling beryl-blue opaque,
Painting their frescoes in its dusk,
Until jade ripples isled the lake.

PHOEBE HOFFMAN

ANDES

FOR weeks the somnolent Pacific swept
From bow and stern to gray horizon-line;
For weeks, upon the tropic calms, we slept,
As in a sleep that follows after wine.

Then once upon the night, wide shapes arose,
Piercing the eastern dark with purple stain;
Then suddenly, upon night's sudden close,
Cordilleras of the Andes, chain on chain!

By these great piercing shapes in sheeny shrouds,
The very pinnacle of sky was riven;
Swept by far storm, riding upon their clouds,
They raised their grandeur to the heaven of heaven.

Upon the far defiles lay turquoise-gray;
And salmon shaded softly zone to zone:
As though some mighty instrument should play —
Nor ever pass away its endless tone.

Our ship drove close to the Peruvian shore;
The mountains towered higher to our sight;
And like a fluted mirror glowed the floor
Of insubstantial ocean in the light.

And, as the ship drew close upon the shore,
Seaward we looked, and saw, in curious hue,
Salmon and turquoise on the mirror-floor,
Great, sheeny shapes that stretched away from view.

JOHN W. DRAPER

NUKULAILAI

SOMEWHERE near the Equator, west of that meridian of longitude where you lose a day without being late, and gain a day without being early, it is any one of three hundred and sixty-five equal days of the year. You are conscious only of one soothing color, blue; of one happy environment, distance; of one pleasant feeling of sweetness and peace: not a pacifistic, stagnant morbidness of vulnerable unprotection, but a master-peace which takes the equinoctial storms and subdues them into the quiet constancy of the all-year trade winds; which takes the lurid sunrises and sunsets and concentrates them as it were a spotlight on the eternal blue of sea and sky; which takes the lowering rain clouds and makes them only frowning shadows puckering the cheeks of a radiant face. Just where the sea meets the sky, in rounded swelling of crescendo, mounting slowly higher towards the sky, or hollowing out to allow the sky to reach down, a diminutive greenish-blue diamond will presently sparkle in the sun. A little more, and a mirage-like appearance of cocoanut palms will wave against the sky. Then the tops of the bushes, and hut-roofs of the village of Nukulailai. Lastly the golden beach will lift, encircling the islet, like the ring upon which the diamond is worn. Closer we come, and see through our glasses that a dozen canoes launch themselves from the shore to give us early greeting. As soon as the human forms aboard become distinguishable, shapely statuettes of bronze men and women bending lithely to their paddles, can be seen, making a few strokes on one side and a few strokes on the other of their crafts. Quickly they come up with us, swarm up our steamer's sides, and present us with clusters of cocoanuts, bunches of oranges maybe, or piles of bananas. All the formalities of a rub-nose greeting are exchanged; and we enter the coral-reef passage, a semicircle of breaking foam which encloses the placid anchorage. The reef parts playfully to our pilot's knowledge, as the happy rippling smile of a girl parts at her rosy lips.

Anchorage attained, trade commences. We examine

and purchase the strings of dried copra which native after native hands us. We examine, perhaps because it is our civilized custom to do so; but we might as well take the whole consignment on trust, knowing that we should be as honestly dealt with in the absence of any restrictions as in the keenest exercise of them. In barter for the values handed us, we try to satisfy the native longing for colour and curiosity by displaying and dispensing in appropriate quantities, cloth, perfumes, biscuits, soap, lamps, tinware, and (the only imperfection) axes and knives, which the buyer selects with very specific reference to the despatching of some particular member of a neighbor-tribe.

Everything proceeds very humanly, very orderly, very appealingly from an artistic viewpoint. Even if not made expressly for these circumstances, these children have possessed the power to adapt themselves to and take on and adorn their environment, as yet not acquired by the barefooted, pajama-clad "white" trader, who generally makes his appearance at this stage, squaw-accompanied, with a litter of half-caste children trailing behind, more black than white in mien; for, the world over, the female insists on having children and everything take her forms and ideas of life. Apart from this jarring note, the same all-hallowing quiet charm still rests upon the island as when we first picked it up at sunrise. The excitement of our arrival has died away; and the universal peace reigns, nothing stirring in the drowsy, languorous afternoon save mysterious insect noises and occasional unidentifiable sounds. Ashore, we pass from hut to hut admiring the canoe-carving, rope-making, hut-erecting, all from cocoa-nut wood or fibre. Entertainingly the men show us the new spears, scalps, and skulls acquired since our last visit; but more humanly, with fluttering hearts, we like to listen to the sweet-voiced telling of old legends that the girls like to tell, the while they are plaiting us a talisman and keepsake from their own rich hair, which they have neatly combed to be a modest protection, down to their

shapely waists. You admire this stylish wardrobe, set off by its only other garment, a wristlet and anklet of flowers. If you stay long enough, perhaps feminine attachment will honour you with a necklace of flowers also, and not unlikely of arms as well, if it is toward evening.

The sun declines at his regular evening hour. Surrounded by ever-changing bright colours, he seems to be drawing back to his vault all the colours he has lent to things and places for the day. In rapid order he tries them one by one: even as a bride at retiring tries over again all the lovely dresses she might have worn, to see how they look, so the old sun seems in gayety to be seeing how the world looks under individual spotlights of colour. When at last the sun has set, the village fires along the beach begin to blaze and glow, heating the stones which will broil a filet of flying-fish, a section of bread-fruit, and roast a few pandanus knobs. Supper ended, an hour of dancing and games keeps alive the sociability and prowess of the villagers, who thereby rehearse the appearance of their prisoners' agonies in the tribal war they will lead in the ensuing days. Then sounds the shell-horn for all to go to their houses, except the fishers who now prepare their nets and canoes and torches for the flying-fish to jump at. Quietly you wait in the appointed place, to be joined by the maiden you have selected to be your fishing pilot, who will also, after the good ancient custom, retell a tribal story or two, of which islanders are ever mindful, and by which they stir themselves to new surpassing toil and vigor.

Evening breathes perfumingly and comfortingly amongst the stirring leaves. The sea breaks crooningly on the outside reef, muffled and suppressed. Armies of crabs and lobsters proceed stumbingly sideways, their crunch mingling with the gurgle of the current in pot-holes, accentuated in those quarters where the crabs, who only gain a shell by ousting the original occupants, are plying their nefarious trade. Across the Strait the twin pinnacles of another island like our own rise and pierce

the starry sky; and, over one peak, Venus shines with her silvery light. You remark that to your dusky companion, and she replies whisperingly that it was not always so; and she will tell you — but only in the strictest confidence, and only to be remembered on such starry nights as this, never in the heat of daytime — a tribal legend of the mystery of this peak and star.

* * * * *

She has become so engrossed in those deep reminiscences that fishing operations have lapsed. Perhaps even savage girls are apt to like telling stories to interested hearers to the neglect of their duties. For these tales have a knack of taking up all the stage and reviving again, with lusty forcefulness, the epoch-making parts they played in the long ago, the present fading meanwhile. And, as another red dawn glows in the east, one feels that a coral island has the power to associate the antiquity of the past with the charm of the present, in perfect harmony; that yesterday is living again to-day, just as graceful, just as human, and just as natural.

Sunrise. Four Bells. The ship's watch takes stations; the anchor is weighed; the syren is blown; we proceed to sea. *Nukulailai, talofa malolo!*

W. JAY OVERTON

“WITH THY HELP! AMEN!”

GARDINER upon the Kennebec is a most charming old New England town. To the south, along the river-shore, the Oaklands lie, encircling the old stone mansion that is still the summer home of the family for whom, long years ago, the town was named. To the northward, up the valley, rolling farmlands extend to the Vaughan estate on the borders of ancient Hallowell — the homestead still of that distinguished line whose founders were intimates of Franklin and of Washington. Environed thus, the town of Gardiner rises from the river, by streets shaded with New England elms and maples, to a spacious level half way up the hills, and thence to the pine-crowned crests above. In the midst, an old brick schoolhouse and a granite church look out upon the greensward of the Common, from whose elms descend the doves and squirrels to be fed — to perch on one's knee or shoulder, to eat from one's hand, and even boldly to explore one's pocket.

Peace and trustfulness seem everywhere — and yet — in the midst of the Common rises a monument to the sons of Gardiner that fell in the Civil War; from the old gray Gothic church there wave the Stars and Stripes; and, if you had entered of a Sunday morning in the summer of 1917, you would have noted that a flag was borne up the aisle in the procession, that prayers for our soldiers and sailors marked the ritual, and that, last in the service, the kneeling congregation, with bowed heads, sang *America*.

Had you asked why you had heard no talk of young men being drafted for the war, you would have been told that there had been no draft in Kennebec; that the voluntary enlistments in that, as in other counties of the Pine Tree State surpassed requirements. Red “service-flags” were everywhere: upon one tiny house, the service flag bore not one star alone, but three—for the three sons that had gone forth in khaki.

In a white cottage high above this town, over an old mahogany secretary at which — throughout that sad, proud summer of 1917 — I sat hammering out a college rhetoric,

there hung a colored print, the cast-off cover of a comic weekly. Perhaps the spirit of the town below — its patriotic fervor, past and present—had made that print mean more to me than to another; but, on me at least, the artist did produce his purposed effect emotional and intellectual. The picture was of a man: gray-bearded, kneeling, khaki-clad, sword-belted. His head was bare. His gray hair hung upon his shoulders. His arms stretched forth, appealing. His face looked up in prayer. Beneath was the inscription: "With Thy help, Amen."

Yes, it was "Uncle Sam" of the cartoonists; but it was Uncle Sam transformed, transfigured, an embodiment of the continuity of God-fearing patriotism.

FOR America, peace-loving America, was in the war: not because, at first, the people as a whole desired war or realized the necessity, much less because the mob had clamored, but because the Intellectuals of the country — you and I — sought for our duty, in the fervor of prayer and in the cold light of logical analysis, and, having found our duty, could find no peace of soul save through participation in the world of battle.

The war was ours: did we stand the test? Have the American Intellectuals — you and I — that "complete and generous education" which, in the never-to-be-forgotten phrase of Milton, shall fit a man "to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices both private and public of Peace and War"?

What, for example, has been the attitude of the members of the Andiron Club in this great crisis, personal, national, universal?

Not all, at such a time, can serve humanity in khaki or in navy blue. Happy is he who, though debarred from this, may yet render to his country a service permanently significant; especially he who, by his influence upon his fellows, may help to marshal democracy in the cause of righteousness: Chancellor Brown and Dean Bouton at New

York University; Mr. Davis of the New York *Evening Post*; Professor Tucker at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. Happy also is he who may share in recognized civilian service: Professor Hotchkiss and Messrs. Kadison and Morgan in the government offices at Washington; Mr. Watson in the Patriotic Service League; the Rev. A. J. Murphy as one of the Y. M. C. A. athletic directors at Camp Wadsworth; Professor Allen as a Y. M. C. A. secretary at home and overseas; Messrs. Goldsmith and Lewin with the Jewish Board for Welfare Work and the Jewish Relief Committee respectively; Professor Snively in Red Cross administration at Washington and in the South; Professor Babcock as Director of the School for Red Cross Personnel in Paris.

But, most of all, the members of the ever-diminishing circle that still met fortnightly around the open fire—or before the *empty* fireplace when we had to Hooverize our hickory—envied the fifty-seven members of the Club who were actually in military or naval service. Why give their rank? Most of them won commissions; yet we, at home, were quite as envious of certain “non-coms” and privates on our roll, and we must ever hold in equal honor the two of our fellowship who fell in France: Clarence Wesley Ripperger, lieutenant and military aviator, and Harold Victor Arnold, private, of the “Lost Battalion.” We print the list, then, without rank or ratings:

FREDERICK STURGIS ANDREWS
HAROLD VICTOR ARNOLD
WALTER EDGAR ATKINSON
MALCOLM BECKWITH AYRES
EDWARD R. BAKER, JR.
JOSEPH S. BELL
GRAHAM BIDDLE
MORRIS G. BISHOP
HENRY BRENNECKE
JOHN CHARLES BRODSKY
JOHN CLARKE
JOHN W. DRAPER
CROSBY FIELD
GRAFTON BUTLER FISH

PAUL HERVEY FOX
FRANK E. GAEBELEIN
MORRIS GILBERT
ISADOR HALPRIN
HENRY COOK HATHAWAY
JOHN LYMAN HITCHINGS
ION CARL HOLM
JOHN CHARLES HUBBARD
THEODORE FRANCIS JONES
ELLIOT KADISON
GEORGE LEROY KING
SAMUEL HERBERT KING
FREDERICK L. KOPFF
SIGMUND KRUMGOLD

RAYMOND LASKER
 NEWMAN LEVY
 PIERRE LOVING
 SAMUEL W. McCARTE
 JOSEPH T. McMAHON
 DONALD SAGE MACKAY
 ALLYN JAY MARSH
 CLINTON MINDIL
 EDWIN J. MORGAN
 ROBERT SCOTT OSBORNE
 W. JAY OVERTON
 CLIFFORD S. PARKER
 VITTORIO RACCA
 CLARENCE WESLEY RIPPERGER
 LEO L. ROCKWELL

HAROLD W. RUDOLPH
 ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
 W. POSTLEY SINCLAIR
 J. ROLAND SMITH
 SANFORD SMITH
 CHARLES WILBERT SNOW
 PRESLEY DOWNS STOUT
 E. J. STREUBEL
 WILLARD ALANSON SWAN
 PERLEY L. THORNE
 CHARLES SHEPPERD TRIMMER
 JULIUS H. WEITZNER
 WILLIAM E. WOODCOCK
 EDWARD ZIMMER, JR.

These are the men to whom we sent—and send again—our greetings.

AND our comrades sent their greetings back to us, from training-camp, from transports, and from trenches. Of his early experiences, a recruit, who subsequently rose to be regimental sergeant major, wrote:

We are fast forgetting what luxuries are; and former necessities are such no longer. The Metropolitan Opera House seems like a pleasant but impossible dream. Yet we are not downhearted. . . . One of the most noticeable and interesting facts hereabouts is that the cultured and educated endure privations and hardships with infinitely more cheerfulness than those who have been used to nothing desirable in their lives. I have never before so fully appreciated my college training, my reading, my knowledge of art, music, and everything of that sort. These things make it absolutely impossible to become really dejected.

And another, a member of the Canadian Naval Reserve, wrote from the North Atlantic:

The things that formed the round of a day in peace times have an extraordinarily savory and fragrant relish to those who are cut off from things belonging to a civil habitat. Even the advertisements of the goods we used to buy, such ads as used to vex us in the news-stand magazines, now have their literary charm. Soaps suggest times when lovely hot or cold showers were just the other side of a door, or collars or socks, times when life was not a spray-drenched, thick,

lambswool or buckskin shirt, or bare feet inside a pair of high sea-boots. Heinz's Fifty-Seven Varieties go well to read about alongside a handful of cornbeef, or Mission furniture, when one sits on an aromatic kerosene-case, lashed to keep it from changing location when we stand on end in a head sea.

Soon after, this same man was writing:

Yes, I was in the death-zone: just came into Halifax for the first time since last July, and anchored about five cables from the French liner that blew up. . . . That whirlwind which flattened men out like eggs against a wall, is indescribable: it burned them black, tore their clothes off, dazed them. . . . All that fiery day we were boarding burning munition ships, as they drifted dangerously about, and the need sustained us. Next day came the blizzard and the same task; and we were still sustained. But, when it was all over, almost everyone caved in with the overwrought strain.

But most impressive, in the letters that came in, was the feeling of responsibility expressed. An ambulance lieutenant who later saw service on the Italian front, wrote of the section of college boys assigned to his command:

Although I sometimes hesitate to face the responsibility, it remains indisputable that, as a group, as individual soldiers, and even as men, they will be largely what I shall be able to make them. If only I can realize some of the potentialities for character which their present situation holds! If only I can keep bright the ideals with which they have entered their country's service, but which are too often allowed to grow dim, smothered by the materialism of the military!

And another member, lieutenant of Marines, wrote thus from Paris:

I have been moved around throughout the country, and felt the pulse of the people in the small towns. They have fought the battle for France — gloriously. But for the cities, with their rampant vice, their needless catering to the baser appetites, . . . I have nothing to say that is not critical. Paris has become the cesspool of Europe, and the Huns have their best ally in the temptations it holds forth. . . . And those who will make the true sacrifice will be thousands of miles across the ocean to suffer the reaction! Yes, in part through sacrifice which is inevitable, through contamination which is regrettable, but not, I hope, through the shortsightedness of our generals to protect their men within reason, or through the lack of inspiration which may hold those men true to their ideals. . . . In this con-

nection there is a simple but invaluable service that might be performed by those at home: . . . there is always a steadying influence solicited from that part of the soldier's world where understanding is deepest; and so I say to you, without fear of contradiction, that *the best food for the American army will come in the mailbags*. . . . If you could have seen the effect of a thought conveyed overseas to some of these simple men, in whom one would never expect sentiment to exist, you would agree with me that our folks in the states owe it not only to the army (for those reminders of what the men are fighting for are bound to increase the esprit de corps of the men over here) but they owe it to themselves for the sacrifices they too are making and will make.

The letter just quoted was written in January, 1918. How well the American army met its moral problem, we now know. But another letter, written in October, 1918, by a major in the Signal Corps, presents a reaction quite as typical:

France degenerate? Paris wicked? A New Yorker could hardly say so. . . . But Paris has many other sides . . . the virility and strength of the French. . . . My time, now almost a year in France, has been crammed full of experiences, human, broadening. I might fill letters with accounts of my acquaintance with scholars. What an array of talent is here lined up for *la patrie*: Ferrié, Abraham, Block, Perrin, Fabry, Cartier, Charbonneau, the Sorbonne. . . . The American uniform is loved and trusted. We are in a very privileged position, and ours is a great responsibility. We make or mar the good name of our country. The French give their very hearts to us.

It is letters such as the foregoing that make us concur with an opinion expressed by Editor Paul Hervey Fox, U.S.N.R.F., in *The Reservist* of February 20, 1918, under the caption, "Officer Material":

Why are certain men inevitable candidates for recommendation [for commissions in the navy] when they are obviously not as efficient as other men who will never be recommended? . . . Is a man who is competent to conjugate all the verbs of Greek, superior in commanding ability to the foreman of a gang of hard-bitten river drivers? Is a thorough knowledge of Babylonian history an indubitable indication of military genius? . . . And why? . . . An educated man is a man with a background, a man who compels respect. And men work better and fight better under a leader whom they respect than under a bully whom they fear.

And yet, has Mr. Fox — Andiron member though he be — expressed in full the spiritual potentialities implied in Milton's "complete and generous education"?

AMONG the books that I have brought with me from my summer study above the Kennebec to my winter study high above the Harlem, is a well-worn copy of the *Anabasis* of Xenophon. I cannot read it now as once I could; my knowledge of Attic Greek is well-nigh gone. But, as I turn the pages, two word-groups seem familiar: ἐντεῦθεν ἐξελαύνει and Θάλαττα! θάλαττα! Ἐντεῦθεν ἐξελαύνει — "thence they marched!" Again I hear the tramp of Xenophon's ten thousand Greeks as the army of Cyrus sweeps up through Asia Minor against the Persian host. Again I see them returning at Cunaxa from that victorious charge, only to discover that, except themselves, the troops of Cyrus have been put to flight and that Cyrus himself lies dead upon the field. Again I follow them as, from the midst of that mighty empire of Artaxerxes, hemmed in by thousand upon thousand foes, they strive to cut their way out northward toward the mountains — fighting, starving, their generals slain by Persian treachery. Parasangs, stages, through deserts, to uninhabited cities, thence they marched! I follow them into the upland of the Tigris and the Euphrates; through passes held by the wild tribes of Armenia and Kurdistan; through mountain snows, especially fatal to the light-shod Greeks: parasangs, stages, northward, in spite of hunger, cold, and hostile forces, thence they marched! And then, one wintry day, as the Greeks were struggling up a mountain pass, Xenophon, commanding the rear guard, heard from the front a mighty shouting which evermore increased. Hastening with his little troop of horsemen toward what he supposed to be the point of danger, he came to where he could catch the meaning of the shout: "Θάλαττα! θάλαττα! The sea! the sea!" The Greeks had crossed the final height of land; below them lay the Euxine, Greek colonies, and home.

From the shelf beside my desk, I take another well-worn book. I open to the line:

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Its literal meaning seems obvious enough — its denotation. But what is the connotation of the line for us? Go back with me a moment: recall the writer — and the circumstances of his writing. You remember the career of Milton. You recall how, in his youth, he devoted his life to study and to poetry; how, not yet thirty, he produced what are still accounted four of the most exquisite poems of our literature; and how he hoped ultimately to write some greater poem, some work "that the world would not willingly let die." You remember his brilliant tour abroad, his further studies, and his growing fame; and then, just as he seemed prepared for his great work, you remember how the war in England called him home. You remember how he served his country with his pen; how, as a result, his sight began to fail; how his physicians warned him to desist, and he refused; how his blindness became absolute. And you remember how he lived to know his mighty patron dead, his cause disowned, all for which he had labored overthrown, and himself in hiding for his life, friendless, penniless, blind, with his great poem, that poem which he hoped the world would not willingly let die, still unachieved. And then, with a more complete consciousness of the connotation of the closing line, you recall his *Sonnet on His Blindness*:

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide,
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Whether, in comparison with all we fain would do, it seems to us we "only stand and wait," or whether, like Xenophon's Ten Thousand, "thence we march" until, with them, we shout, "The sea! the sea!" it devolves upon you and me, the Intellectuals of America, the heirs of Milton and of Xenophon, to pray that, in the present crisis,—not merely in the military struggle which now seems happily concluded, but also in the greater struggle, political, social, moral, national and international, that is still before us—that we shall prove ourselves worthy of our leadership: shall prove that we have that "complete and generous education" that fits us "to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices both private and public of Peace and War." With Uncle Sam of the cartoonist, sword-belted, kneeling, let us look up to Heaven and answer, "With Thy Help! Amen!"

ARTHUR HUNTINGTON NASON

THE PASSING

AH, little first love with the wistful eyes,
Why do you come as the twilight dies?
Why to-night when the moon hangs low
Do I feel your lips as once long ago?
Why should a memory haunt me so?
Is it a whisper that sighs on the breeze
Is it the glint of the moon through the trees?
Yet why to-night must the days that are gone
Come back like the shadow before the dawn —
To-night, when my joy is full?

Oh, little first love with the wind-tossed hair,
What do you see? You are standing there
Like one who gazes far out to sea.
Is it the future that's waiting for me?
Or only the dream of what could not be?
Is it the sight of the moon as it dies
That fades the light from your wistful eyes?
Do you turn so sadly because you know
That another must nearer and dearer grow? . . .
Oh, little first love, good-by!

ELINOR CHIPP

INDEX FOR VOLUME XIII

ABER, LAUREINE A.		
Shadows (Drama) - - - - -		54
ARNOLD, HAROLD VICTOR		
Portrait of - - - - -		98
In Memoriam - - - - -		99
AURINGER, O. CYRUS		
Faith (Verse) - - - - -		121
AYRES, MALCOLM BECKWITH, Second Lieutenant, Infantry, A. E. F.		
The Breton Mother's Song (Verse) - - - -		131
BAKER, KATHARINE		
A Portrait of the Speaker - - - - -		31
BARDIN, JAMES		
Saint Augustine at Twilight (Verse) - - - -		166
BILLING, BEATRICE MARY		
After Ypres (Verse) - - - - -		130
BISHOP, MORRIS GILBERT, First Lieutenant, Infantry, A.E.F.		
Inconstant Indignation (Verse) - - - - -		36
An Atlas (Verse) - - - - -		104
BOUTON, ARCHIBALD LEWIS, Professor of English and Dean of the University College, New York University		
The Culpit Fay: A Criticism - - - - -		147
BRIGGS, CAREY C. D., M.A., Assistant Professor of English in New York University		
Sunset (Verse) - - - - -		34
Tri-Colors (Verse) - - - - -		106
BROWN, ELMER ELLSWORTH, PH.D., LL.D., Chancellor of New York University		
Lincoln (Verse) - - - - -		146
BROWN, MARION FRANCIS		
In Japan (Verse) - - - - -		9
The Return (Verse) - - - - -		119
CARPENTER, EDMUND J., LITT.D.		
The Helena Myth and Its Solution - - - -		82
CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE		
The Judge of the Divorce Court (Translated by Edith Fahnestock and Florence Donnell White) - - -		136
CHIPP, ELINOR		
The Passing (Verse) - - - - -		192
DAVIS, ROYAL J., Literary Editor of the New York "Evening Post"		
"The Yellow Jacket" (with John W. Draper) - -		5
A Victorian Satirist - - - - -		47
DRAPER, JOHN W., M.A., sometime Instructor in English in New York University; Editor in Chief of "The Colonnade"		
Editorial Note: Announcing the Æsthetic Number -		4
Editorial Note: The New Music Editor - - -		4

"The Yellow Jacket" (with Royal J. Davis)	-	-	-	-	5
After the Requiem" (Drama)	-	-	-	-	37
Guilleford Errant	-	-	-	-	60
Bacchante's Song (Verse)	-	-	-	-	71
Altitudes (Verse)	-	-	-	-	165
Andes (Verse)	-	-	-	-	178
DUNBAR, ALDIS					
Candles in the Wind (Drama)	-	-	-	-	132
ELLERBE, CECILIA					
Wistaria (Verse)	-	-	-	-	14
FAHNESTOCK, EDITH, Acting Head of the Department of Spanish, Vassar College					
The Judge of the Divorce Court, translated from the entremes of Cervantes (with Florence Donnell White)	-	-	-	-	136
FEINSTEIN, MARTIN					
Dolor (Verse)	-	-	-	-	15
FISHBORN, JOSEPHINE					
From You (Verse)	-	-	-	-	143
GLAENZER, RICHARD BUTLER					
The Genius of Quirigua (Verse)	-	-	-	-	177
GOETZ, PHILIP BECKER					
The Devil-Porter Soliloquizes (Verse)	-	-	-	-	66
GUTHRIE, J. GORDON, Art Editor of "The Colonnade"					
The Brush Records	-	-	-	-	96
HITCHINGS, JOHN LYMAN.					
The Return of the Greeks (Verse)	-	-	-	-	70
To Master François Villon (Verse)	-	-	-	-	144
HOFFMAN, PHOEBE					
The Valley of the Ten Peaks (Verse)	-	-	-	-	177
JOHNSON, ROSSITER, LL.D.					
A Valentine (Verse)	-	-	-	-	22
KEELER, CHARLES					
A Lament for Chloris (Verse)	-	-	-	-	81
LASKER, RAYMOND					
Choose Thou! (Verse; with A. H. N.)	-	-	-	-	53
LOVING, PIERRE					
Sea Vision (Verse)	-	-	-	-	35
LOWREY, PERRIN HOLMES					
An Old Violin (Verse)	-	-	-	-	30
MINDIL, CLINTON, <i>see</i> PANG.					
MORGAN, EDWIN J.					
Lynching and Democracy	-	-	-	-	160
MORTON, DAVID					
The Quest (Verse)	-	-	-	-	80
The Poet to his Lady (Verse)	-	-	-	-	80

NASON, ARTHUR HUNTINGTON, PH.D., Professor of English in New York University; Business Manager of "The Colonnade"	
Editorial Note: The War and "The Colonnade"	46
Choose Thou! (Verse; with R. L.)	53
Editorial Note: Election of Officers for 1917-18	68
Editorial Note: Election of Members, 1917	68
Editorial Note: "The Colonnade" Suspends and Re- sumes Publication	91
Editorial Note: Elections of Members, 1918-19	93
Editorial Note: Elections of Officers for 1918-19 and 1919-20	95
To Commander Rowley (Verse)	163
"With Thy Help! Amen!"	183
O'CONOR, NORREYS JEPHSON	
Maid of the West (Verse)	135
OVERTON, WILLIAM JAY, Mate, R.N.C.V.R.	
Nukulailai	179
PANG, ¹ CLINTON MINDIL, M.A., Instructor in English, New York University	
Lord Dunsany Invades New York	16
PARKER, CLIFFORD S., sometime Instructor in French in Union College, subsequently First Lieutenant, S.D.A.G.O., A.E.F.	
Professor Lowell	107, 169
PARRISH, EMMA KENYON	
The Feet of Anothoth (Verse)	19
QUIMBY, BERTHA H.	
The New Style in Grandmothers	164
RIPPERGER, CLARENCE WESLEY	
Portrait of	102
In Memoriam	103
SHAW, CHARLES GRAY, PH.D., Professor of Ethics, New York University	
The Good, the Pleasant, and the Beautiful	23
SOMERVILLE, RANDOLPH, A.B., Instructor in English in New York University	
"Bushido"	10
STORK, CHARLES WHARTON	
An Augustan's Creed (Verse)	79
Head and Heart (Verse)	168
SWAN, WILLARD ALANSON, First Lieutenant, S.S.U. 581, Con- vois Automobiles, A.E.F.	
From the Front in France	122
WATERS, WILLIAM E., PH.D., Professor of Greek in New York University	
Wanted—A Greek Dante	72

¹ Since the publication of this article, the author has changed his name from Clinton Mindil Pang to Clinton Mindil.

WHITE, FLORENCE DONNELL, Assistant Professor of French in Vassar College		
The Judge of the Divorce Court, translated from the entremes of Cervantes (with Edith Fahnestock)	-	136
WIDDEMER, MARGARET		
Saint Jeanne Rides Out (Verse)	- - - -	120
CONTENTS		
January: Oriental Number	- - - -	3
February: Æsthetic Number	- - - -	21
March: Satire Number	- - - -	45
April: Greek Number	- - - -	69
Editorial Section	- - - -	90
May: Romance Number	- - - -	105
June: American Number	- - - -	145
EDITORIAL NOTES		
Announcing the Æsthetic Number (J. W. D.)	- -	4
The New Music Editor (J. W. D.)	- -	4
The War and "The Colonnade" (A. H. N.)	- -	46
Election of Officers for 1917-18 (A. H. N.)	- -	68
Election of Members, 1917 (A. H. N.)	- -	68
"The Colonnade" Suspends and Resumes Publication (A. H. N.)	- - - -	91
Elections of Members, 1918-19 (A. H. N.)	- -	93
Elections of Officers for 1918-19 and 1919-20 (A. H. N.)	- -	95
"With Thy Help! Amen!" (A. H. N.)	- - -	183
ILLUSTRATIONS		
Harold Victor Arnold	- - - -	98
Clarence Wesley Ripperger	- - - -	102

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